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ROSALIND HUBERT;
OR,
THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.
A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VII.
CONSEQUENCES.

On the third day after Rosalind went into the city, Thomas Goodman rode out into the country to get the girl's clothes.

"But why didn't Ros come?" asked Mrs. King, after the visitor had made known his business.

"She could not leave her mother," replied Goodman. "The poor woman is very sick, and our dear Ros would not leave her. They are very happy together—very happy."

"I'm glad of that. I hope Ros will be well cared for."

"You need have no fear on that score, Mrs. King. She has one of the kindest of mothers."

"I'm sure, I hope they will be happy." The good woman spoke as though she had some fears; but on thought how foolish it was to doubt the love of a mother, and without saying more she went into the little bed-room to get Ros's things. They had been all packed into a trunk, so it required but a few moments to have them ready.

"There are some few little things mixed up with Ros's trumpery which Ros can get when she comes out," Mrs. King said, as she came from the bed-room. "My children are all at school now."

"It makes no difference, ma'am. She only wants some of her dresses. She will be out as soon as her mother is better."

Goodman got the trunk into his wagon as soon as he could, and then drove off. The farmer and his mate were away in a distant field at work, so the broker had the fortune to accomplish his errand without much trouble. He left the trunk at the gentleman's shop, and having given his horse up at the stable, he walked down to Mr. Hubert's.

That day he presented all the drafts which were payable in Boston, and when he went home he had twenty thousand dollars in money. On the following day he went to New York, where he obtained forty thousand more; and from there he kept on to Philadelphia. In four days he had turned all his uncle's paper into money, and the next thing was, to invest it. But here was trouble. He had a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, and he dared not offer any such sum even at different places. He could not hold property in real estate, or stocks, without its being known; and if people saw him lumbering out so extensively they would wonder whom his money came from. The more he thought of this, the more he perplexed. He was frightened where there was no occasion, and he suspected evil where there was no danger. At the wicked few when no man pursueth, so did he spoil before a spoiler appeared.

Finally, a new thought struck the guilty man. He would turn his money into gold, and then there would be no danger in keeping it; and, moreover, he could then work with it as opportunity offered. One evening he told his wife he was going to fix his books-one, as she couldn't wonder if she heard some pounding up in his room. He got a basket and sack, and went up. He locked the door, and put a piece of paper into the key-hole, and then he went at the work in hand. Had it been all in specie, and so he could lift it with his right hand, it would not have been so much of a task; but there was a good deal of silver, and as he scraped it with his knife it threw off a red, glutinous dust. He spat upon it, and rubbed it with his fingers.

"Curse the ink!" he said, turning the cuff till the dark spot came underneath the writer.

"You were saying—"

"Ah—yes. I was saying that Mrs. Ledder was very sick. She loved her child, sir; and that child loved her. In fact, I never saw such love before."

"You were saying that you had been trying to find out where they had gone, sir," remarked Albert, unmoved.

"Of course I was. Yes, yes. But I couldn't help thinking of the love there was between the mother and child. It's surprising, sir—really surprising."

"But will you tell me what you know of their present whereabouts?" cried the youth, impatiently.

"Young man," returned Gordon, confidentially, "I am going to tell you the whole truth. Mrs. Ledder was my friend—Mrs. Ledder was my confidant—but I think they have deceived me. I don't think they came on with the intention of ever replying, at all. I think they only came for their child. They had scanned great wealth in the Western country, and they wanted their sweet child to help them enjoy it."

"Do I understand you to mean that they have gone out there again—with Rosalind?"

"I don't know what you understand; but that's what I mean. I had business up Brighton-way days ago—and when I left I knew that the physician had said something about the cast which being burnt in so fast. Rosalind didn't think she was going, though I missed her when I came back."

"But I thought you said they went away three days ago."

"Three days?" repeated Gordon, somewhat flurried. But he recollected himself. "Ah—yes. It was four days ago that I went away—ten days ago that I came back—five days ago that they went. They went, bag and baggage, sir."

"But why do you think they have gone back into the Western country?"

"Because Mrs. Ledder told me they should eventually settle there. O—I haven't the least doubt of it, my young sir. In fact, I know they have gone there."

"But why did they not let Ros come out and see her old friends before they took her away?"

"Ah—there you have the whole thing in a nutshell," said Mr. Gordon, snapping the blade of his knife to and fro with his thumb. "Her parents are very proud, very proud. Her father wouldn't let her come, and Mrs. Ledder would not come herself, and Rosalind had formed such a strong attachment—that she pleaded, but it was of no use. Mrs. Ledder told me I didn't know, but I thought it quite likely. Then he said it must put a stop to any such nonsense, and at the same time he hinted that he had a splendid match for her out West. In fact, I think one reason for their hurrying off so, was to get their child out of the way of her childish attachments. You know people of wealth and station can't see their children mate with those below them. I don't defend such ideas—only they are common, and society is very much governed by them. I think them very false ideas, myself."

Albert Varrondale felt faint and dizzy. The words he had heard sank to his heart with a painful force, and he knew that his fate must be very near.

"Could you tell me where Ros's parents live—where, in the Western country, they will stop?" he finally asked.

"No. They never told me. To me, I didn't seem of that going any soon, so I didn't take the trouble to find out."

"But I should think they would have told you they were going—you, an only brother."

"Ah—there you have it again," said Gordon, scraping his knife across the paper very much as he spoke. "They knew that I would never consent to let them go till they had been out to see Mr. King. They knew it because I had told them so. Hence they ran away from me. It was cheap in them to do so, wasn't it?"

It was hardly trusting Rosalind as I should have trusted them, was it, young sir?"

Albert regarded the broker for some moments in silence. His frame was blanched upon his finely carved lip, and a bitter word arose for utterance; but he kept it back.

"Then you couldn't tell me where they will be likely to stop?—in what town—or even in what county?"

"No, I could not. But I may hear from them, and when I do, I shall ride right out to Mr. King's and let him know. I suppose you can find out from Ros."

Albert said he could, and then as the broker stepped a-ducks to be at work, he left the office. When he reached the side-walk of the narrow alley he stood and pondered upon what he had heard; but it was not yet enough to make him much. Still he feared that all was not right. There was a vague terror flitting like a shadow before him, which would seem to make Thomas Gordon a villain; but the dread would not permit him to be so. He thought that the only cause in all there had been a Mr. Ledder stopping there.

"But stop—that was the name there," was the answer.

Albert turned away, and went to other hotels; but he found no such name upon any register. Late at night he drove up the hill, and stopped at the farmer's door.

"Wal," said Simon Peter, who had come from the barn to meet him, "what luck?"

"Come this way, Simon," returned Albert, drawing the man away into the shed. "There's something wrong," he added, after they had got to a safe distance from the door.

"But what ye feered?"

ROSALIND'S PERSECUTING BUTTON CLAIMS HER AS HIS WIFE.

"Rosalind's gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Simon, as Albert concluded.

"And I went to every respectable, first-class hotel in the city," resumed the youth, "and no such name had stopped at any of them."

"Yaas. Did you go to the Tremont?"

"I went there first."

"Wal—it's jest as I 'spected. That ere Gordman played a trick on ye, didn't he, Albert?"

"But what could have been his motive in getting Ros away, if it was not to take her to her parents?"

"Didn't he say what ere parents had come home awful rich?"

"Yes."

"Wal, 'spose now—just 'spose—that them parents hadn't come home at all; but 'spose, instead o' comin' home, they'd died—eh?"

"Go on, Simon."

"I 'spose, I say—they 'd died rich—died, an' left their durter the heiress to an awful fortin. I've heard tell o' such things, Albert."

Albert Varrondale started, and gazed intently upon his companion.

"Did ever ye see such another pair of eyes as that ere one is got?" said Simon, impressively.

"I never did," returned Albert.

"Or dick ever's feet?"

"Never."

"An' skin as white-livered, mean, fishy, listenad, ain't-afraid-o'-mankind lookin' face?"

"I never did, Simon."

"Now, ye see," pursued Simon Peter, intently, "I know'd 'at that ere chap was up to some mischief when he was out here last time, an' I could tell by the way he acted when he was a-helpin' me unload his hoss. He was as cowed as a lamb-by baby. When I'd kitch his infernal mean lookin' eye on it, he'd drop as quick 'pon it as if thought pepper 'd died into it. An honest man never 'd act like that."

"True," repeated Albert, thoughtfully.

"And an honest man never looked like Tom Goodman!" added Simon, emphatically.

At this juncture Mr. King came out, and finally they adjourned to the house, where Albert was forced to tell his story. The matter was discussed at length, and finally it was decided that they had been deceived, and that Goodman had taken Ros away for some selfish purpose of his own.

"I have she hasn't gone away to her Boston," said Betsy, with vehement energy. "She never would have gone without letting us know."

"But suppose they wouldn't let her come out?" suggested Lucy.

"Then she 'd have written to me. I know good Ros as well. They needn't tell me that she's gone a-sight ocens, just like the Princess Snowbeam in the old tower! I know nothing good would come of her going away. Only think of her being with that ugly, awful——"

"Cussed make?" suggested Simon, grinning his teeth.

"——snake!" repeated Betsy. And then she burst into tears.

The event was more deeply impressed by the grave the sorrowing girl had drawn than he was willing to own. And they were all impressed by it; and before Albert left it was arranged that a thorough search should be made.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE PAWNBROKER MAKES KNOWN HIS PLANS.

Rosalind had been nearly two weeks in the pawnbroker's house, and during all that time she had not been into the street. She had not been able to get any direct proof from the lips of her keepers that they were not her parents; but, nevertheless, she had proof enough. There was a witness in her own heart that gave convincing evidence; and then the manner of the two people towards her was in itself a positive assurance that they had no love for her, and that they could be of no kindred with her. Upon this point she was decided. Had both Michael and Patty freely declared that she was not their child, it could not have added to her conviction. Every day—every hour—things transpired which gave confirmation of the fact. The girl had watched every word and movement, and they were not only remembered, but they were arranged into evidence from masses of disjointed fragments. For instance: One day Patty found fault with the cooking-stove. She said it had troubled her ever since it was put up. On the next day it bothered her again; and, when her patience was exhausted, she said she'd smash the old thing to pieces if Mike didn't get a new one. And so it went on, with her mutterings, until it finally came out that she had used that old stove, in that very spot, over a year; and that somebody else had cooked by it, for Mr. Michael Ledder, certainly, not that.

And so there were many things, continually leaking out, which all pointed to the same end.

"Mrs. Ledder," said Rosalind, on the two together in the kitchen one evening, "what is the use of keeping up such a farce? You know you are not my mother; and you know that Mr. Ledder is not my father. Why will you not let me your purpose in keeping me here?"

Patty dropped up out of her red eyes, but made no reply.

"Where is my uncle?" the girl asked. "Why don't he come and see me? Why has he forsaken me thus?"

Still no answer.

"Why am I kept locked up here like a prisoner—with no one to converse with but you and Mr. Ledder that I may look into the street? Why is it? I ask. Oh! why will you keep up this cruel deception longer? You know you are not my mother!"

"D'ye know who yer mother is?" asked Patty, with a wild look.

"No," replied Rosalind, mournfully.

"Did ye ever know?"

"No."

"Did ye ever know who yer father was?"

"No."

"Then what a pooerin fool ye must be to talk in that way. You've been to me, if I never knowed who my parents was, I wouldn't go for to run down the best friend that I had, and the nearest to one. That's all I've got to say on the subject."

And that was enough, for Rosalind knew she should get no more.

When the poor girl went up to her lonely room that night, she sat down upon her bed and wept, as she had done every night since she had been there. She prayed that she might see her mother once more, and her heart was heavy and sad.

One evening when she came down to supper, she found a stranger at the table. It was the first time she had seen a man there. It was a man of middle-age, quite stout in frame, with coarse, manly hair, a low, uneven forehead, and a face deeply pitted by small-pox. He was dressed very respectably, and might have passed for a decent-looking man in the street; but there was a cast of gross sensuality about him which would revolt the close observer; and which became repulsive when once seen. He was introduced to Rosalind as Gabriel Bartier, Esquire.

For a while the guest, who proved to be a lawyer of some sort, conversed with Ledder upon business topics, taking care to keep the idea constantly before the company that he was worth a great deal of money. At length he said some very plain things to Patty, telling her she was very pretty by the way, and finally he turned his attention to Rosalind.

"You have not been long in the city, Miss Ledder," he said, with a politeness that was far from being natural to him.

"No, sir," she replied, timidly. The name was strange to her, and it was a long time ere she remembered to answer.

"How do you like Boston?" he continued.

"I have not seen enough to enable me to form an opinion, sir."

"The truth is," explained Michael, "we've kept her pretty close like this."

"Ah—very proper," said Barber, with a highly appreciative flourish. "Your parents are exceedingly wise, very careful, that you have a safe place for the first range of one so young and fair as yourself. You can know little of the dangers that beset one in such a place."

Rosalind seemed to understand what he meant, but she made no reply.

"Still," pursued the skipster, with a patronizing glance, "you may find friends, ere long, who will take you out into society. You would enjoy it, I dare say. How do you like to see the plays at the theatre?"

"I never saw one, sir."

"Never did!" echoed Mr. Barber, in surprise. "Well—I declare—I never! You shall go and see one on the first opportunity. Mrs. Ledder, my dear, you would not object to treating your sweet child under my care?"

"O—no indeed," replied Patty. "You are just the man to take care of her. You have influence and station. I should be delighted to have you take her."

At this point they arose from the table, and Gabriel Barber took a seat close by Rosalind's side. She would have hurried away to her room, but

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Ladder bade her remain and keep them company. The visitor commenced to tell his fair companion about the theatre. He put his face close down to hers, and smiled away for nearly an hour about actors and actresses, and about the plays he had seen. Some of his descriptions of plots and scenes were not devoid of interest, and at times Rosalind might have been entertained, had the narrator been at all congenial; but as it was, she was disgusted, and only longed for the time to come when she could go to her room. The man was almost insulting in his familiarity, and many of the things of which he spoke had a want of decency and morality about them which shocked her.

Finally, however, the man arose to take his leave. But Rosalind was not quite rid of him.

"Miss Ladder," he said, bending towards her with a grinning smile, "I have no hope that the pleasure which I have enjoyed this evening may be often repeated."

A cold shudder crept through her frame, and she knew not what to say in reply. But Pauly was in the trouble, and came at once to the rescue.

"We should be very happy to have ye come, Squire Barker," she said.

"Thank you. Good-night, Miss Ladder."

Rosalind managed in any good-night to return, and then the visitor took his leave.

"What a splendid man," said Pauly, after Barker had gone.

"A fine man—a wealthy man—at the very head of his profession," responded Michael.

"And such charming company. He knows everything."

"And runs, too," suggested the pawnbroker, probably not aware of her thickly he was spreading it.

"It's really astonishin' that he don't get a wife," pursued Pauly, with a sort of moral wonderment. "How many women there are that'll jump out of their skins to get him."

Michael made an excellent husband," admonished Michael.

"That he would," echoed Patty.

Rosalind noticed the sidelong glances which were cast upon her during this colloquy, and when she at length reached her own room, she sank down pale and frightened. There was some hidden meaning in the visit of Gabriel Barker, but she shrank from the investigation. She dared not even ponder upon it, and she tried to banish the thought from her mind, but it would not go at her bidding, and even while she slept, the thought came in a dream. She dreamed that she was again walking up the hill-side road, and again her father was with her. It was the same old white-haired man she had dreamed of once before, and he looked as then—sorrowful and pale. But this time he was not alone, and his voice was like the tone of an organ. Suddenly a ruffian leaped out from among the thorn-bushes, as before, and struck the old man down; but this time it was Gabriel Barker who struck the murderous blow, and when he had done the murder, he seized her and bore her away in his arms.

Rosalind awoke with a cry of fear. She was in her own bed, and all about her was dark and silent, save the night-wind which moaned without.

On the very next night Gabriel Barker came again, and again was Rosalind forced to listen to him. And it kept up for a whole week, one long, long, every night, and talking of theatres, and amusements of all sorts. On Saturday night he was more familiar than usual. He kept his face nearer to hers, and talked in lower tones. His odd of brow smiled with his mouth as he spoke, and sighed when he pictured the sufferings of the distressed lover, and when he arose to go away, he seized her hand and kissed it. He stopped some time at the door, and Rosalind felt sure that she could hear the hum of their voices as they conversed in low, earnest tones. She had striven to fight her lungs when Patty spoke:

"Don't go quite yet, me dear. Mr. Ladder wants to speak to ye."

With a shudder Rosalind sank back into her chair, and presently Michael returned. He took a seat near the table, and seemed somewhat ill at ease, toying her with a strange, calculating look. He stumped his feet upon the floor, rubbed his thumbs awhile, then looked at his watch, and finally gave his chair a preparatory hitch.

Rosalind—my child," he said, with a slight cough, "you must feel very much confined here, to be shut up all by yourself so."

She gazed up into the speaker's face, but made no reply. She was terribly frightened, and she hoped there might be no occasion for it.

"You've been here going on three weeks," the pawnbroker resumed. "Don't you think you'd like a little change? Wouldn't you like to go out, and look around a little, and see what's going on?"

Rosalind could not well help answering now, and she said she would.

"Do I thought." Ladder gave his chair another hitch, and then added, "We feel very much for your interest, my child, and it is our wish to see you settled down and happy. You know you don't always expect to live with us."

"I should like to have her," interrupted Patty, "only I know 'twouldn't be for her good."

"Of course it wouldn't," said Michael. "Do you think it would, Jem?"

"No, that I do not the poor girl answered, faintly; but she spoke promptly, for she spoke the truth.

"So more do I," returned Ladder, "and we've been makin' some preparations for your benefit'an. What d'ye say to that?"

She had nothing to say to it.

"What d'ye s'pose we've been doin'?" the man asked.

"I don't know, sir."

"But can't ye guess?"

"Indeed I cannot."

"S'pose I was to tell ye that I'd found a husband for ye?"

Rosalind started as though a hot-arming had stopped.

"S'pose, now, that we'd got a first-rate husband for ye, my dear?"

"Oh!—no, no, no!"

"Why—merry—no no! what's the matter? How me, but you're the first girl I ever saw act so."

"Don't ye want a husband?"

"No, no!—indeed I do not! Oh! don't talk so!"

"Why—you're crazy, Rose. I tell ye I've got a husband all picked out—a capital husband—a rich husband—a learned husband—and a husband that'll love ye dearly."

"But I can't marry! You don't mean it!"

"Don't mean it? But I do just mean it, though. I do mean it, my dear. I've promised your hand, my daughter—I've promised it as I had a right to. What ye got to say to that?"

Rosalind said nothing; but pale, speechless, and frightened, she gazed upon the man before her.

"Who d'ye s'pose I've promised ye to, Rose?"

"To nobody!—Oh! to nobody!"

"To a very good, handsome body," said Patty, convexively.

"It's to Gabriel Barker, Esquire," added Michael.

Rosalind's heart had sunk low enough, and at the mention of that name it bounded up with sudden opposition.

"Do ye mean that you have promised my hand in marriage to Mr. Barker?" she asked with a flashing eye.

"I have promised just that thing," returned Ladder, slowly and emphatically.

"And do you suppose I will ever marry with him?"

"I don't suppose anything about it, my dear."

"But you must, my child," said Rosalind, her eyes now flashing, and her pale cheeks flushed.

"What do ye say?"

"I know that I will never be that man's wife!"

"But you must be. I've given my word."

"And who are you—what is your authority—that you should give such a word for me?"

"Simply," said Michael, with an impressive movement of the forefinger, "the authority of a father!"

"*Father!*" cried the excited girl, with bitter sarcasm, "you have never spoke falsely when you say my name! Where is the uncle who brought me here? Where are my parents, and he is your relative, why does he not come and see me? If you are my father, you have been a cruel one to me, for I kept a close prisoner here! Why am I not allowed to breathe the fresh air? why not be permitted to visit those kind people who have shown me some kindness? Why is it that I'm to be because you fear to let me go? You know there is danger of losing me! Full well ye know that the bride believes me dead! He knows to enjoy sir by the first free breath I drew! Have I not watched me? Have I not been a prisoner? Have ye not lived upon her years? Have ye not lived here for years?"

"No!" exclaimed Patty, emphatically.

"Then—then—then I'll not have a father. Rescued, turning upon the woman with a look of mingled contempt and scorn, "you are not the man you will! Oh! Great God, shield me from the accursed fate which has fallen upon me! Would to drag me down to the slough in which a cruel fate has thrown me, if it pleases Thee! Oh, God do it! But Michael Ladder has carried on his business here for years. *Mysteries* had just come into the house when I was abducted!"

"You're keen," said the pawnbroker, not yet recovered from his surprise at the information just given him.

"I have eyes, and I have ears," replied Rosalind, quickly. "Such a hard-faced rascal as you cannot hide much from me. My eyes are keen for equality. I have seen enough and heard enough, Michael Ladder, to know that you were the tool of some of the hellish acts around me."

"Who—who—who's a tool?" uttered Michael Ladder, as the girl sank back almost exhausted.

"A pretty go!" responded Patty, with an angry look—rather for her self than for Rose. "I—I—I'm astounded thing!"

"I am not so," quickly interposed Rosalind. "I said it was an accursed fact which had fallen upon me, and all which has come to pass since I came to the time when you were free, pure, and happy."

"Never mind. I don't want to look back."

"We don't want to look back, either," said Ladder. "We've got something to look forward to. Your wedding will come off to-morrow, my dear. We had prepared a fairing-day for ye. Your name's been made up in the City Hall, almighty near book, too. Things are all right, except to-day."

"You have my decision!" returned Rosalind.

"And you have mine!" was the response. "And now, Rose, I'm—I'm sorry—I'm—I'm—I'm astonished and sorry that the poor girl startled to—to—that you've said your say. She had a'most it this time—but you'd better be in your grave than to open on me again as you have." Ladder is Barker's wife to-morrow, if you live! Now go to your room, and think over what I've said."

Without a word, Rosalind took her lamp and went away, and without a word her enemies left her, opting her with a strange, calculating look. He stumped his feet upon the floor, rubbed his thumbs awhile, then looked at his watch, and finally gave his chair a preparatory hitch.

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What's the use of talking to? Come, now—be reasonable. Jem's got to take Michael and again. Don't ye think?"

"Then let him——"

"Hush!" interrupted Patty. "don't ye do it. Let what will come, don't ye make him mad. Now you've got a chance."

"Say!" cried Rosalind, catching the woman by the sleeve. "Tell me what this means. I know that there is danger. What is it?"

"Hang it!" uttered Patty, with surprise, "how cute ye be."

"Never mind. I know he sent you. Now what is the danger?"

"He hopes ye won't make him mad. He hopes ye'll behave and mind. And I hopes ye will, too."

"And he means to have me marry with Barker?"

"You know what he said last night, child."

"Yes—I do know. He Mr. Barker is the house now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll go down."

Michael Ladder was already at the table when Rosalind entered the kitchen, and he glanced up into her face with a searching look. He saw that she had been weeping, and that she was very pale; but he saw also that she wore a determined look about the mouth which he had never seen before than until. A secret sign passed between him and Patty, and the latter gave her companion a stern, resolute look with a perceptible spice of malignity in it.

The meal passed off in silence and when it was done Ladder went back into his front shop. While Patty was busy with the dirty dishes, Rosalind cast her eyes about for something with which to relieve her long task. She found nothing, however, nothing but an old iron wrench which the woman had been using for a fastener to a stove. It seemed possible after this she got away, and went back to her room. She had not been there but a few minutes when Patty came in, and it would not answer to drive her suspicions. She must be lulled into security, if

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MORNING.

BY ALICE CARY.

Wake, Hollin, my darling and rain no!
The day-bread is ripe—
I can see, through the half-open curtain,
A strip of blue sky.

The hen, in her cop-pit fed lying,
Looks her as a fetch,
And yonder, to greet the sun's coming,
The vain chanch sings.

The birds, in the wood-quarts flying,
Their nestins to chant,
Are dripping their dew in each other,
With wings crept asleep.

Was a tree, that the sparrow's bright eggs
With silver throne,
But swallow and elm-walk in pleasure
Through all to grow pleasure.

Wake, Hollin, and join in the pleasure
All nature doth give;
Clap hands, and rejoice in the goodness
That knows you to live.

For what is the world but the glory
To which them sees?
Thank God for the rest that is in you—
Thank God for your heart!

The world that had never a lover,
Or one that had never
With knowledge of Goodness, and pity
How poor is her life!

Wake, Hollin—the white rest of morning
Is broken in gold—
And why should dodgers of God's glorious day
Be creeping in sloth?

For summer, perceived down, are trending
Her precious sand—
And so there be sin in neglecting
As well as disgust.

The venerable cradle is in tend,
The child in its quiet,
And shall the soul planted within me
Rot—not a sin dark?

Shall I be ashamed to give colture
To what God has sent—
When nature may reward, shall I offer
A turpenty, or sloth?

For could I not marry my yearning
By letting, or pain—
Would life have a better fulfillment,
Or death have a gain?

Nay, God will not leave us unanswered
In any true want;
His will may be writ in an instinct,
As well as a chant.

And, Hollin, my darling, believe me,
That life is the best,
That, being here, truly and wearily,
With His name in the mouth,

In kind to the creepy of the wide-bird
The wise willow sides,
While the still, that's no substitute for feeding,
Grows up by the skies.

Such instincts, each day, round about us,
Our good mother weaves,
To silence us that restless, in some way,
Arrogate her slights.

TWICE WOOED.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Harriet Harland entered society at the age of seventeen. The winter that followed her debut was a succession of brilliant triumphs. She was the belle—a queen, and right regally did she bear herself through the season of triumph.

Hearts were laid at her feet in scores, and fortunes, and great names, but from the homage of admirers and the protestations of lovers she turned with equal indifference. Her untouched heart had not a presiding chord to thrill beneath the power, or the glances even more exquisite.

So passed her first season. The travel regnant in society until the close of the last ball, the excitement of her political season, left her through all the fatigues of her unwonted dissipation. But when mid-war came, when the opera season was past, and the fashionables were all preparing for the new excitements of the summer, Harriet's parents observed with anxiety that she seemed languid and lost her fresh, rosy bloom, and girlish sprightliness.

They were alarmed. The family physician was consulted, and by his advice Harriet, instead of preparing for a summer's campaign at Saratoga and Newport, was sent, at the beginning of spring, to the quiet home of her aunt, Mrs. Hope, in Rosedale.

Harriet was not well pleased with that which she chose to call her sentence of banishment. But when she arrived at Rosedale her pleasure quickly looked so beautiful, and the cottage of her aunt so lovely and so full of the most unexceptionable quality and real comfortableness, that she began to accept her sentence as not either unkind or unjust.

Mrs. Hope received her niece with such genuine kindness, her manners, in all their simplicity, were so refined and lady-like, that Harriet's heart and taste were equally gratified. Casting aside at once the little tinge of disdain which she had brought with her, she resolved, since she could not well prevent it, to be very happy in this pleasant retreat.

Harriet's rambles among the environs of Rosedale, her gardening, her rides upon the beautiful black horse which her father had caused to be procured for her gratification, soon brought back the roses to her cheek, roses that vied in brilliancy with those which grew in every cottage and grace in its fanciful name to the quiet village. Long before midsummer she felt and acknowledged perfectly well, but still she had lingered amid the simplicities of her rural retreat, from which no accounts of the festivities of the world of fashion could lure her.

It was not until autumn when her father came purposely to fetch her home, that she reluctantly accompanied him to the city, leaving dear Mrs. Hope with many tears, and promises of another visit in the following summer.

But neither on the following summer, nor during a halcyonic that succeeded it did Harriet Harland visit Rosedale.

That winter she again entered society, again reigned supreme, emblazoned its sovereign queen. Again she was everywhere followed by admiration and heart-homage. Again she turned with indifference alike from praises of her grace and beauty, and from protestations of love and love her mind, nor had an icy room, her words a haughty tone and meaning, such as they had not conveyed in former times. Harriet had changed in spirit, and the influence which had brought such bounding health and elasticity to her veins, had also, it seemed, worked their effect upon her mind.

So still another winter passed, another, and another, with all the gaieties, the flirtations and the splendor of fashionable, remarkable summer life sandwiched between, and Harriet remained unmarried. Still beautiful, even more beautiful, more queenly and graceful in her ripening womanhood than in the early days of girlish triumph, still regnant, though the pallor of hollowhood had been often acquired by fresh dissipation, still followed by admiration, she moved on calm, cold, self-collected, indifferent and even haughty. Yet there were those who averred, from their own knowledge, that Harriet Harland possessed a warm, loving heart—"open as day to melting charity," full of gentle, womanly promptings, a treasure for him who only should pierce the mines of her outer life.

But there were few who remembered, or cared to trace back this change, to date the commencement of this haughty reticence from the period of Harriet's sojourn at Rosedale. Let us go back and seek its cause.

Mrs. Hope, the aunt of Harriet Harland, was the widow of the clergyman who, after having ministered to the spiritual wants of Rosedale, had died universally regretted. During his life, his wife had been his helper and efficient auxiliary in his parish labors, and she shared with him the regard and respect of all his people, which was due both to her association with him, and to her own qualities of mind and heart.

Still fresh and youthful in feeling, though the weight of fifty-seven years had bowed her once erect form, and their snows were sprinkled upon her once lustrous, dark hair, there was no home in Rosedale where the young delighted more to go—few, than that over which Mrs. Hope presided. It followed, therefore, that Harriet Harland speedily became acquainted with nearly all the youthful portion of the inhabitants of Rosedale, as well as with the elders who delighted to honor the widow of their former clergyman, for the sake of the beloved memory, as well as for her own virtues.

And here she met Arthur Hope, the nephew of the deceased clergyman, who, previous to the social gatherings of his native village, for his free person and kindness, which it was more especially in private that the beauties of his rarely cultivated mind were exposed. And Harriet had frequent opportunities of studying him in public, and in the pleasant privacy of home. For he knew Hope he looked for all that he would have sought from the mother he scarcely remembered—affection, sympathy, counsel, encouragement, kindness. Her house was his home, his resting-place, his shelter of the affections.

Mr. Hope had early detected the rare genius of the lad, and while he had directed it into the path of his duties he secured to him a small income, with which, added to the proceeds of his own exertions, he had gained an excellent education, and, at the period of Harriet's visit, he had recently been admitted to the bar.

Arthur Hope's life had been an unceasing struggle. Absorbed in his studies, his ambition, his unfaltering, he had found little time for society, and with the exception of those in which he mingled in Rosedale, with all the freedom of his boyhood, he had seen much less of the world than he himself thought of it, and all its experiences were yet to come.

When he met Harriet Harland, she seemed to him like a bright and wonder sphere. Her speech, her manners, her movements, her dress, all was different from, and superior to anything he had before seen. Grace surrounded her motions like the soft, fabric perfumes that she always wore, and she seemed an unconscious of one as of the other. She was, perhaps, no more beautiful than other girls—there were beautiful girls in Rosedale—but the air of fashion, of refinement, of high culture, the perfection of her dress, the elegant arrangement of her fine hair, the harmonious colors that were chosen for her, all of her natural charms to the utmost, and formed a combination of the "beauty unadorned" of the rustic maidens among whom she now moved.

It would be a long story—one by no means meager, but, on the contrary, so crowded as to win no interest—were we to tell how simple grew her admiration, admiration into trembling love, and love into worship at the feet of the queenly Harriet Harland, how, after months of hope, college removed the young man of the first days of acquaintanceship, into his home and sphere, how he came back to Rosedale with all his passionate longings unstilled, filled and pervaded the life of Arthur Hope. How ambitious aspirations, all other hopes, desire for knowledge, and fame, gave way to the world's pride, failed before this one great passion that absorbed him, and then soul of this silent, calm-seeming man. Mr. Hope, to whom, indeed, every emotion of his heart had been patent, scarcely guessed this vital secret; to Harriet it was unknown, unsuspected, developing her being in warmth and life, and all its sympathies, and half conscious, half unconscious.

Accustomed to homage and open admiration, she scarcely comprehended aught that was expressed by the delicate attentions—devotion—of her by Arthur Hope. She was strongly attracted toward him. His fresh, original mind, and the thought that were struggled to contrast with the vapid talk that formed the conversation usually of the circles in which she had been accustomed to move. He was an object of interest to her study and hours wisdom, as he longed to catch the inspiration of love from her eye.

All unconsciously this haughty beauty felt a vision to the influence that surrounded her. She never dreamed of a passion like Arthur Hope's for man, with his fast secure planted on the first round of the ladder of success, and his high aspirations struggling yet before him, and all to win or lose. And yet she did love him, long before the hour that left it tremulous tones the story of his wild hopes and deep devotion!

And yet she heard this tale, one that sent the blood bounding through her veins with strange throbbing palpitations, one that made her soul with interest joy, and wakened a response that left her no longer a queenly goddess to receive a woman's nature—her capacity for loving, in cold silence, heard her lover through, until he paused in the burning eloquence of his pure and ardent devotions, and entreaties, to look upon her face and read his answer there, and then, as with a cloud of ice-cloth, scornful words refused his love, refused him hope, and dismissed him.

That hour the two parted, and for ten years met no more! Both kept their secret—neither knew even those who sat at the same board, and mingled in all their daily lives, knew how those separate, yet kindred natures suffered from the fate that influenced by the events of that hour of supreme love, and joy, and disappointment.

Harriet was ambitious, and in the moment when, in listening to her lover's passionate words addressed to her, she shrank from the humiliation of loving one so lowly. The world had its claims upon her society, the social sovereign at whose feet had been laid the homage of the world! How could she, she should bend her proud neck to the chains of such a love was indeed humiliating. She summoned to her aid all the pride of her haughty nature, and in the few cold words she spoke, extinguished at once the happiness of two hearts. And so, while Arthur Hope, striving manfully with the terrible blow he had received, struggled triumphant over the external effects of his disappointment, she buried in the depths of her heart all its passionate tumultuous over its lost beauty and freshness, and strove and struggled vainly with its desolation. And this was why she turned so coldly from the homage of other lovers.

Year after year passed on, and still Harriet Harland remained unmarried. Her splendid maturity at twenty-seven showed no signs of decay. Rare and constant culture had increased the beauty of her features, by adding the charm of expression, and her manners, as graceful as ever, had undoubtedly undergone the process of polishing, without losing their natural ease, in the intellectual exercise of her native city.

At this period she spent a winter in Washington. Here she was greatly admired and followed, and her lover, as elsewhere, she turned deaf ear to all the solicitations of love.

It so chanced that Arthur Hope also passed that winter in the seat of government. He had listened to the pursuits of fame when disappointed in love, and his natural acuteness of perception had carried him beyond his utmost expectations.

His legal reputation had constantly increased with his years, and he had so ably identified himself with the people with the popular party, not because it was popular, but because the principles coincided themselves alike to his judgment and his heart, that consciously winning fame and the confidence of the people, he had, on the winter, been elected to represent his district in Congress.

Harriet soon learned of his presence in the City of Magnificent Distances, before he had met she was there. She used to sit in the gallery and, herself unobserved, watch the face of the man she still loved, and trace the fine lines that had come to it, and read the expression that told of suffering subdued by the most determined struggles. If he spoke, she listened with intense eagerness to catch each word. If he was absent, she was curious to watch him, herself unseen.

Arthur Hope was not at the same party, but with careful avoidance on the part of the gentleman, and equally careful on that of the dames of both were on every tongue, and often in every mouth—Harriet Harland and Arthur Hope.

At length Mr. Hope made its great speech—one for which the public had waited with intense anxiety, and which was to decide, it was believed, the vote in her usual place at an early hour, and Harriet had the pleasure of hearing her name pronounced, and listened to the mingled cries of that masterspeech.

The breathless silence of something interest told that the speech was proceeding, the golden periods of his eloquence were followed by the most enthusiastic demonstrations relentlessly heated, and then a brilliant peroration, which drew from the whole assembly down amidst a storm of applause, which all the power of the chair was unable to control or subdue.

Arthur Hope lingered a few moments, perhaps to enjoy his triumph, then breathing away from the excitement around him, he left the hall. Retreated by his long effort, and feeling that his success would make his exalted feelings, he entered the library which, at this hour, was usually deserted. Only in one of the alcoves sat a lady who, closely veiled, leaned on a table, and was apparently unconscious of his entrance.

Not until he was passing her did she change her position. Then she turned. Her eyes met his, she arose involuntarily, and Arthur Hope gazed upon Harriet Harland and met again. Once more she stood before him. Harriet had been weeping. Even now she blushed deeply as she thought how this fact must be apparent; but she was always ready with resources, and in the first moment Mr. Hope, and spoke some simple but earnest words of congratulation.

He could not reply. His eyes were fixed upon her face, and so much in admiration of her rejected beauty, as in the search for something that he hoped might be there. He found it still retained in his, that trembled strangely. Not a word was spoken—the silence was too intense as that it was broken by the sudden sound of a footstep, and the next moment Harriet Harland was again.

There was a volume in the word, and the deep, mournful tone in which it was uttered. This time he did not look to read what was written in her eyes. They were shadowed from all observation by the friendly shawl. So he drew it back resolutely to his heart, and on those ground lips, whose utterance had been the seal of his passionate love.

They never parted more. Harriet remained in Washington all the winter, during and enjoying her lover's triumphs, and when, at length, he won in the world of society, she received with their best pleasure in each other. In the spring they left the city for their home.

Arthur's career has still been marked with success. He is now in the Senate of the nation, and received a distinguished diplomatic appointment, which will accommodate him for years, and was in such favor as he at the court to which he was accredited, that he triumphs long social, as his wife diplomatic.

Neither has ever revealed the second wooing, nor regretted the first—each one alone. One, and neither, perhaps, has regretted the early discipline that developed the deep love of their hearts, and Both have gained fruitful strength and power, and happiness in each other. Perhaps, indeed, more assured and long-tried love, but of fame, and worth, and the world's homage.

HOW I WAS COMFORTED.

BY CHRIS STUART.

"One day bread upon the waters, and then shall find it after many days."

I was yet among the breakers of my life—struggling with evil—when I met Mary Lindell. I began to dote in the sea of trouble. There was not a spot on all the ocean of my life, and I was not prepared for it—a more troubled woman.

All this second struggle had to me; for not then had I accepted the truth that faith in God is no more! Both kept their secret—neither knew even those who sat at the same board, and mingled in all their daily lives, knew how those separate, yet kindred natures suffered from the fate that influenced by the events of that hour of supreme love, and joy, and disappointment.

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Year after year passed on, and still Harriet Harland remained unmarried. Her splendid maturity

looking earnestly in my face, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Angeline!" exclaimed I. "Certainly I remember her. But you are not Angeline—are you?"

"I hardly know, madam, whether I am or not. Some times I think it can't be possible that the happy girl who sings all day at her honest work, and lies down to sleep blessed, in the same miserable cruisture whom you found, drunken and starving, in the back alley by the swamp. But, sir, if dear madam, I don't know who it is if it is not I. Sometimes I am sure I have been dreaming. I have come to tell you how I thank and love you, madam, never, never can I do anything to repay you——"

Here the tearful creature fell upon her knees, and sobbing and kissing my hands, covered them with passionate kisses and with tears.

I led her round here way and then, making her lay her head upon my knee, I smoothed her abundant and glossy hair, and patted her flushed cheek, as gladly as if she had been my own young sister, while I told her how rejoiced I was at the change which had taken place in her.

Here the reader must be told how I had discovered my protégée.

My husband, who, in those years, was the terror of all drinking and low men, had, by his constant, and, wet, chilly day, rendered it more doleful to me than ever. I was left in my room to the solitude of my walking-dress, and, umbrella in hand, went out for a walk, for quiet and calmness in the dusky streets. Mostly, obstructed, miserable, I wandered, and on, not at all looking which way I went. I found myself in a part of the city which I had never trripped against paving stones and other obstacles; and, in my musing—thinking what a good thing it would be if I could be always out beneath the stars—the thought came to me that I was also wishing that I were a cow, or a sheep, or a robin, that I might have liberty on my way to the celestial city, and had never got to retreat to the house. "Why not, then, be content?" thought I, would be just what would suit me to walk forward in the storm and cold, until I dropped down to the appointed place.

But from all these meanings I was suddenly awakened by the screams of a child. Looking about me, I perceived that I had wandered to the neighborhood of the swamp, and that I approached the edge of a vast swamp that lay south of the city, and upon the swamp emitted "equatorial" bad boils rude rabble, and the place was populous with the half wild people, and vocal with the sounds of infant voices. But one cry predominated, and distressing, came from the level meadow-land to the east, and still nearer from the adjacent cot.

I stepped to the doorless entrance, and looked within.

On the damp, earthen floor was stretched the form of a young woman—a more girl she seemed—in the agonies of mother, or rather stage, of intoxication; and at the feet of the drunken one was pulling a child less than a year old. Its poor, little face was red with passion, and its eyes and lips were purple with cold, and it was crying with all its little cry.

But the insensible woman remained motionless. Her head, matted and tangled, was almost hid in a very puff of wind. Her feet were bare, her arms and neck uncovered, and the miserable garments she wore were seemingly cemented by filth. An infant being, a woman fallen below the level of the brute that watches over its young, the reader can not deal to the cries of their young.

I said that my impulse was to retreat as fast as I was able from this wretched den, and go to send some one to look after the child; but the next one was a little girl, and look closer at the prostrate woman. She was young, comparatively young, and the state in which she was, I saw a trace of former beauty.

"So young?" I thought, sorrowfully. "I wonder what her story is?"

I hated to touch the dirty baby, but recollecting that its little body might be chilled into a clean, comfortable clothes, such as I was in the habit of making for the children of the poor. The child was really a pretty baby, and looked bright and playful. My first care had, of course, been to feed it, and now, when it was found tranquil, and its tears warm, in soft flannel and pretty mantle, he laid his head upon my shoulder, and fell asleep in it, with a sound and sweet sleep—the first really comfortable one that the little human creature had ever enjoyed; so I afterwards discovered.

The next day, before my husband had been ten minutes gone from the house, I had a visitor—Angeline. She was astonished at the sight of her former baby's face, and, throwing open, breathed out for what I had done.

"I will tell you, she said pro was dead, dear lady," she said, "for my life is so full of grief. The spirit is the only thing that gives me any relief. I am sure I'm sorry I ever left you, for I've had the shame and trouble that have come upon me."

"Have you no friends—no husband?" I said.

"No, madam, I have no friends, and I had me before it gone. That cabin was my father's, and when I left it I was glad to leave him till Mary was killed at a fire, and my father took to me and I had nobody to speak for me, and could get no place with the yellow fever, but I was left all there was in the cabin for drink, for, indeed, I was the only comfort of a poor old man to give me."

She wended more than I cared to show by the drooping attitude and the hopeless tone of the fair young colonel of life, for she was fair, even in all her rags and squalor.

"I will pay by and by a good girl, and never drink any more, if I will get you a place!" I asked.

"Indeed and I will, good lady—indeed and I will. I tell you the truth that it is not the liking for drink that makes me buy it, but I can't pay for the trouble's sake."

"Then you have got back to the swamp at all, do you?"

"No. I would be very glad never to set eyes on it more."

"Then come here." And I led her to the bathroom.

"Now wash you there—clean, remember—I must have you clean. Scrub yourself well—soap and coat your hair. See—here is a comb and a brush; don't be afraid to use them faithfully. I will bring you some clothes to put on. Every one of those rags you have on must be burnt; or you may wash them by-and-by, and they will do for the paper man. Now I'll get the things, and then leave you to make yourself fit to be seen."

The poor bewildered girl kept all the time courtseying and saying, "Yes, ma'am; yes, my lady; yes, my lady."

I soon busied up some old, but warm and clean garments for the poor creature, and laying them on a chair, I locked her into the bath room to make herself clean.

In about half an hour, hearing her knocking, I hastened to let her enjoy enquire's door.

I was mute with surprise. The altered appearance. So fresh, and clean, and pretty she looked, that I was almost tempted for a moment to doubt her identity.

Yes, you look much better than you did when I locked you in there. Now I will hear your story."

"Angeline, ma'am." Yes, this was Angeline. I procured her a place where she was allowed to have her child with her, and having my mind overburdened with other matters, the whole circumstance of her discovery passed from my thoughts.

But how she had come to tell me of her happiness.

She had lived most contentedly with the family in which I had placed her, until within about a week from this day, and now she was married to a worthy young man, and was going West with him to live on their own place. He was to have employment, if he wished it, from the gentleman who resided in the town to which they were going.

And so, Angeline, the happiest girl in all the world was, and it's all owing to you. I shall remember you as the first ray of pure light over the dreary path of my death, and so will John. He would have been glad to see you, but he says he will see you *how bad it was* when you helped me. Oh, my dear, dear lady, the thing that I were liked as good God, and may I be permitted to see your face in Heaven, too!

When the girl had departed, I sat long in humble silence. Had not my sinful murmurs been heard in Heaven?

This was but one thing that the Lord had done through me! And if he chose to place me here and to use me for such things, though they were but the humblest, I would be content to serve as the laborer of some do, should I any longer be disappointed, or impatient. I would not rather rejoice that He has caused me to suffer that I might by soul me forth to seek and to save that which was lost.

The darkness was all gone. My soul rose up in joy, and I thanked my Heavenly Father for my sin to rejoice with me, but I was able to rejoice also, and I felt that the still further correction of affliction which befel me should be improved to the benefit of my soul. I resolved to consecrate my life to the good of whomsoever I could influence or help. Providence had given me my troubles fitted and vanished, and now, thank God, I am happy, (though under foot it is not always smooth) beneath a clear sky.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

It has sometimes been said that disobedience to parents is the beginning of all crime. If this be true, and it is to be feared that it frequently is—how important that the habit of disobedience should not be formed! Disobedience sometimes has you disobey the slightest command of your parents; it is with God you to disobey others, and then to disobey the laws of your country, and then to disobey God.

It is too much to require that you should obey your parents? Surely it is not: "for this is right." Obedience to parents is a duty which it is not cheerfully rendered. It was not hard for Moritz Hoffman to obey; for he could say, "I had rather obey than have my own way." You can do nothing with those who will not obey. Disobedience is the cheerful and implicit obedience.

Moritz Hoffman was a prompt and cheerful, or it seems to be a virtue. He who always obeys with a voice, understands and engages with a will, is dearer to the openly disobedient.

The case of Moritz Hoffman, of Burgundy, presents a striking pattern of filial obedience. Moritz as a child, so dismal or punishment was ever necessary to enforce his will. He was always ready to obey, and sufficient. He was always much grieved when his mother showed displeasure, and he was ready to join him kindly than usual. On such occasions, when he perceived that his mother was sorry, he hastened to her, crept her sorry with me: I will do what you please." Happy the parent who has such a child.

IRREBOLUTION.

Irresolution is a habit which creeps upon its victim by slow degrees. At first it is perceived by its leads to vice, and many a fine heart has paid the forfeit of life to this habit. Trifling as it appears in the wavering steps of the young, it is the more alike its form changes to that of a hideous monster, which devours its victim in the middle of the action upon. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicure, the drunkard, are examples of irresolution. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the gratification he is about to drink is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows that the examples of thousands has pointed it its glaring colors, that it destroys all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the intellect from his brain, destroys his soul and his soul

NEW-YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

CITY AND COUNTRY.—Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5; four copies, $8; eight copies, $15. Postmasters in small towns will be supplied with eight copies at $15.00. The party who sends us $15 for a club of eight copies, all sent at one time, will be entitled to a copy free. Terms invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents extra on each subscription, to pay the United States postage, which is half a cent, a copy on every paper. Notice of all agents paying books taken at par. Where a club of eight cannot be obtained, a less number will do, and will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by a dollar.

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EQUAL TO ANY EMERGENCY.

Daniel Webster, in one of his speeches, said it beautiful and just compliment to the harmony and perfection of our Government, encompassing as the intelligence and law-appreciating spirit of the American people. He said that the population of South America could none of them compare in intelligence and dignity of legislation with the most obscure town enrolled in New England; that the Congresses of those republics were inferior in knowledge of the right of man, in the true principles of republican society and government, to any non-existing man; and he concerned in any of the Union. And Mr. Webster did not exaggerate.

We are proud of the intelligence and capacity of the men who gave us a Declaration of Independence, and framed for us the noblest constitution on record—but if our twenty-five millions of free population were deprived of those instruments to-day, and of all knowledge of them, there is no corner of the Union where men could not be selected from the masses of the people, equally fit by intelligence and appreciation of the rights and necessities of the whole people, of patriotism and the noble charity of freedom as those given us by the patriots and sages of the revolution. The spread of cheap publications and the light of intelligence are become as broad-cast as our population, and every American, almost, is fitted by education, reading and reflection, to legislate wisely for himself, and justly for his fellows.

We had proof of this wise, self-governing capacity of the American people in the discovery of our golden State, on the shores of the Pacific. We saw there a mass of Americans, but thither by chivalrous, adventurous impulse—most of them starting with no thought of political or social organization—with a strength of mind and character from that, as a first necessity, they were the pioneers of a new society and government, and the demi-empire, and acting in accordance, they turned their only bonus principles and intelligence to the work, and a State sprang forth complete at their touch. There was no experiment—no trial. They knew what they wanted, and accomplished their object, and established a State.

So let Americans, gathered from every corner and nook of the Union, legislate for any region of God's earth—be it rich or barren—and liberty, order, justice and prosperity will as certainly be the fruit of their society and government, as that they make a settlement. Wherever they go, they carry declaration or independence and the perfect constitution, in their instincts and ideas; in the very necessities of their nature. They can be trusted with their social and political destiny, on "extended lots or model constitutions." They are not "disunion," and the people once more established a government, they claim their rights—the legislature, from the polls to their plows, from the manufacturer of votes to the manufacturer of wheels, they are protected—"principle" is their watchword—those disinterested editorial critics are utterly contented, and peace is the result—prosperity.

Now, the secret of our safety lies in the self-regulating habits of our people. And that self-government pursuits, they cannot afford to devote more than a day or two, now and then, to it. Thousands of them would hastily stop to read the act of Congress were it based up on a law of nature? And, as for that far off bugbear, a "dissolution of the Union," Dr. Mackay would sincerely pity the superior intelligence of its conservation, were he here when it took place!

In fact, in our present state, it is amusing to depend less and less on lawmakers and lawmaking—more and more on the intelligence of the fulfilling the scriptural idea of becoming "a law unto themselves." This is the crystal knowledge wherewith all good people should be gifted, while they take consolation thereby, however much political quackery may urge and delay liberty, in the meantime, seeing the acquire of power gradually ripening, practically, to the people!

THE WORLD GROWS BETTER.

It is constantly said by people satisfied that "the world is degenerating," that "men are less honest than formerly," etc., etc.; but it is not so. And it is proved by the fact that, in this age, probity, charity, truth, and goodness in the world have come to a higher standard than in the days of the olden times. Suppose there was not a paper or periodical published in America! Crime might then increase a hundred-fold, and we should not lose so much about it as we do now. And in past times, when there was a shortage of bank notes or commerce, or permanent record, except in comparatively a few cases, whereas now nearly all is brought to the broad light of universal publicity.

THE RED PETTICOAT.

What has become of this interesting garment, which was to be worn visible to the naked eye? Has no damsel of the city the courage to put it on and walk our streets in the face of the noon-day sun and the promenaders? Are the immortal "ten thousand" that we were long age told had been made in the highest style of art to hang forever in the closet, or at best waste their neighbors in the boudoir's ire?

MEASURE OF MANHOOD.

No impression of society is more false or bad in the household, than that which measures a man's worth by the field of labor he occupies, so long as that labor is useful and honest—and no dishonest toil can be useful. The nobility of man is his country does not depend on wealth, birth or title. Nor does it take color from the nation of his production, but rather from the open hand and manlier blue—the spirit by which, with or against the smiles of temporal fortune, he shapes his career among his fellow-men. He is a truer man who serves shame-unoverawed by any fawn dependant accusant, than he who, scorning the rough toil of the humble and needy, is willing to live an idler—however proudly capacioned—upon the industry of others.

Now and then we hear of "the most respectable classes," and find on examination that this respectability is credited to peculiar professions and labors. What could be more offensive to that spirit of republicanism which discards the theory of divine rights," and special nobilities of blood and caste? Yet this embodiment of distinction entirely harmonies amongst us. We see it in manifold display of a pseudo-aristocracy, who, giving to the idle and fashionable, well, no, most likely, by the hard-handed industry and prudence of a former generation, who have made their descendants look down with vulgar scorn upon men who labor, and accept the fruits of their honest toil. That man is base, who fails to remember with pride his unshrinking and unblushing ancestry; and he is he who seeks to hide his own meanness or weakness under the cloak of distinction estimated. The proudest coat of arms ever graven on a man's shield, or fixed to his shoulders, is the honorable coat won by honest toil. Subtract from the world's history the record of such toil, and the whole fabric would crumble into nothingness. The paltriest nobilities have done little more than to hide and corrupt the fields of heroic deeds.

What matters it whether one carry the hod or the pencil—whether one stands on the scaffold or handles the trowel—so long as each is essential to human welfare? But that man is base who can scan rank a lower grade of toil, if a higher be as necessary. The idler, who lives on the industry and plowmen are as noble in their place, as is the mercenary of labor. He is the working-man—and he who toils not usefully is the base and mean man and no abomination in the sight of God—we have had the words of advice. Heed and feel the assistant that would deny you dignity or respect. Remember that labor is worship, and that God rewards your love. Better have soiled hands and honest toil, than the most delicate hand and proudest of the two extremes of society who prey on your labor—or worse, who prey on your character, one in their mendicity and crime, and the vampire aristocracy, whom wealth hides their corruption from the public eye. Both are the bane of society, holding a true soul better than gold, and the spirit of conscience sweeter than the world's flattery, and you will triumph even in the humblest position. Be true to yourself and to the Savior of your manhood, for you will have ever above you, in the self-communion and the mystery, a heart and brain which are not tied to, nor bound up in, the toil of your hands.

A CONSOLATION.

In one of his letters from this city to the London News, Mr. Mackay, of whom Dundreary and Americanics we have already had occasion to speak, expresses surprise that the poverty, misery, and lowness of paradox are allowed without an armed police or a military organization to prevent the outbreak or revolution of any sort, nor even a riot, should result from the present distress.

Mr. Mackay should see the first foreigner who has been taken stock by ignorance of the "property sovereignty" such as these. Nor is it wonderful that he should have been taken by surprise, since he will be did from a country where the cartridge-box is so much more relied on than the ballot-box, to the very reverse of what obtains in this country.

Foreigners are constantly giving proof that they do not begin to appreciate the genius of the people of this nation. Hence a prediction of the "dissolution of the American Union" by the writers of the London Times and other journals, every Presidential election, and "bodied civil commotion" and "disunion," and the people once more established a government, and the country in a state of progression, from the polls to their plows, from the manufacturer of votes to the manufacturer of wheels, they were protected—"principle" their watchword—those disinterested editorial critics are utterly contented, and peace is the result—prosperity.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

BOARDING SCHOOLS.

"A mother" wishes us to express my views upon the expediency of sending young girls away from home, to boarding-schools.

I have nothing to say on the Lessons. My voice has always been for keeping young girls under the home influences, and for the mother to teach them, under the parental roof. I object to a young girl being sent away to learn music, and wash-board with a stranger, of whom no teacher can know what is most necessary to be known. I object to a mother delegating to any person the physical and moral supervision indispensable at an age when girls are generally and even boys at school. Indeed, in the fashion allowed, or if not allowed, sensibly taken, by young girls at boarding-schools, in forming promiscuous acquaintances of object to heedfulness, bashful, close sleeping-rooms, and democratic hair brushes and closets; I have also to a formal profession of girls, loaded and flushed by a lumber, taking exercise (?) at the Park and Battery. I object to insufficient food, and stolen confectionery to make up the deficiency; and I had almost said that when school girls are up a double-headed dance, than send her spine to be crooked at any such "finishing" establishment. I have had more experience than that of a two dower, who has no home for his daughter but a school, and I declare that I think it the greatest malice him, most of the time, necessarily absent, and of his mother, who has to be always tended the boarding-school, but I never could, and never will, have any patience with the folly of a father or mother who could willingly and away her young daughter from her side at so critical an age, whether in point of physical or morality.

I believe that there are teachers who, with the utmost conscientiousness, do their best to perform their duty; but I have never yet attended a boarding-school, and I doubt if there I should be willing to leave a daughter of mine, nor will I become a party to the sacrifice of the health and welfare of her child, will content herself with the ordinary boarding-school. Life at most of high-sounding names, packing her child's trunk, and sending her to the nearest.

There is great waste of time and money at such establishments, of which parents, by reason of collateral circumstances, are frequently ignorant, and if they do not care, why on earth should the teachers? Those who have been long in the profession conversations prolonged late into the night (don't talk in one of these rooms, there's a host of secrets nothing; and out of twenty girls who may be unexceptionable, there will be two or three at least sheep who shall taint the whole flock, and what course is to expose this, if outward proprieties are observed? There are conversations carried on with the male brothers, cousins and uncles of room-mates, which are not to be overheard, because there is, in all boarding-schools that I have known, some indefinable air of mystery, which will appeal to the public eye, and culpable laxness in points far more vital. Let the mother remember that the children of distinguished or wealthy parents, and nothing pushes the ill-natured child to insecurity. There is a constant premium for eyes-service, and bold, shallow assurance, and little or no encouragement for the modest, retiring, home-nurtured girl. There is a constant premium for eyes-service, and bold, shallow assurance, and little or no encouragement for the modest, retiring, home-nurtured girl.

Of all monsters of human birth, open or masked, which go up into the world, a boarding-school girl is the ugliest. Other hatched of idle depravity than of native nature, it is in every form an unnatural monster. Her heart is not in her composition, her thirst—so universal in it. It runs not the high and narrow tide of love. Everything she embraces, reveals, scintillating the warmth, heart, and feeling. Devilish child of the unfeelingest, she is a puppy, which the affections cannot reach, and beguiles. Oh, tongue! that canst whisper so deadly of your fair companion, that canst lie to friendship, and dame with the eloquence of mercy and truth, that canst thrill the soul with delight, and consecrate it to the love of humanity, and the only wife that forever defile thyself with the demon's curse, that is the gospel of the accursed mouth, and vampire the next! Agent of God, and the devil's most infernal servant! Oh, that there exist not so capable of good, as yet so prone to evil—that such a thing as a woman fell! But for slander, peace might dwell among men—the living, happy, dare to breathe in safety. But for slander—ah, the poet named them well—

"Of all the ills which scourge mankind,
From envy, calumny, and hate!"

"Gossip" art thou in thine infancy, stirring up rancor and bitterness in neighborhoods; in thy maturity, a fiend, and in thy old age, Hell! Are men hate thee and scorn thee, and yet to all thou art a sweet morsel, which they "roll under the tongue" as they would a sin.

THE INFLUENZA.

For some time past there has been a very frosted throats, chapped lips, and exasperated noses have been quite the fashion. Cold, raw, and blustering days and plaintive of all classes. High and low, rich and poor, rough and refined, have been fairly visited by this capricious visitation. Every grade of house may be heard in the street and to the parlor from the poorest to the richest. The "cough in the head," the overwhelming "hurricane" of the reverberant shower-bath, and the whizzing sneeze have changed by this influence, all our ne'r having lived in it, to the quarter of a century, and our P's to A's. The exemptured lover who in his enthusiasm stands to his mistress in the "pouring rain," sing on the "cold shoulder" of Nelly Mory," is horrified at hearing in husky voice rasp out, "By dear Mary, my the sweet Mary," and the hardened-fool, and we have yet to hear of any one who has escaped the fatal contagion. Nothing is so potent with Frenchmen as ridicule; and the moment the nation begin to laugh at Napoleon, his power will fall. Like his great Uncle, he trusts to force alone to sustain his government, and, like that Uncle, he will suddenly go down in ruinatious defeat.

Ten total loss of property by fire in this city during the year 1854 was $438,000; a small sum, certainly for such a large and go-ahead city.

TIME, FAITH, AND ENERGY.

Perhaps there never was a period in our history, when greater necessity existed for the exercise of the conservative energies of the people and of the country, than at the present moment. Troubles have been injured by the vicissitudes of trade and the changes of fortune. The old have become poor, and the independent have lost their means of support. Many under such circumstances are disposed to despond. They fear that their chances have gone by, that the tide in their affairs has been all to the flood and is ebbing, and that the future has little hope or no encouragement for them. Not so, however, in a country like ours, if they possess health and energy. Ingenuity, industry, and perseverance, "time, faith, and energy," will accomplish much. Some of the most eminent men that ever lived were comparatively obscure in early life. Adversity not only tested their energies, but it roused and excited their minds. They saw the necessity of an extraordinary struggle; and possessing themselves to the task and responsibilities of life, they rushed on boldly, and in most cases with success. The truth is, that experience, although a severer, is a most excellent task-master. No one knows better how to cope wealth than the individual who has acquired it through the school of its loss. Few understand the real necessities of life, or the philosophy of life, who have not seen the sit-down bubbles of youth and hope fade away as they attempted to clasp them. Who have not realized much of the disappointment and vexation to which human hopes are liable, and by trial that we feel the spirit of manhood within us, and that we have courage, energy, a lofty and indomitable nature, determined not to be intimidated by the frowns of misfortune, or be discouraged by the many clouds and darkness occasionally obscure the prospect.

Again, then, we say to those who have suffered, or are suffering from the mutations of fortune, be of good cheer. Look upon the bright side, rouse from some of the frail but green and glorious hopes of youth, learn to fashion and mould your spring forward and court the sunshine and the light, as essential to your success. The gloom of to-day may serve but to prelude the glory of to-morrow. Let this cloud which hovers above, and darkens our path, may soon pass away, and give place to blue skies and golden sunshine. The future is God unfolded, but you, by faith in Him, should not be disregarded, for in that future, with Him to guide and protect you, there is hope, happiness, and pursuing steadily and vigilantly learning, contentment, peace, and prosperity will assuredly be found.

THE LANDLORD.

The most independent man in the world, is so in spite of himself, and without any merit or volition of his own, is the man who, free from debt, self sufficient to grow food for himself and those dependent on him, and to keep a shelter for them, is exempted by those circumstances which he cannot gather from the wide. Trade may desert a man, customers may take to their wings and flee away, and the keenest bailiff be sent to summon a livelihood—creditors can be buzzed, want and dependence—but only as possible exception to well-established rule—is the faithful earth refuse its bounty to the hand that tills and sows it.

The landlord is the true lord; he can, with his own labor, compass meat, drink and clothing; he has personal comforts and luxuries, without the help of manufactures and the arts, flourish or not. The landlord, however he is intelligent, however active and true to his calling, is more independent and sovereign than any man. He is himself a part of the machinery of government. Not only literally of the life-blood of the commonwealth, but politically—does it occur that the seasons fail of real-time crops? Is the soil impoverished? Famine is the labor and wants of man, and it is the only source to which he can look, with certainty, for those blessings which render man most independent.

Let us, then, be a nation of farmers, the whole number, are satisfied with the farmer's lot. They look abroad upon more showy pursuits with an envious eye, but they never exchange happiness and the certainty and conclusiveness that become monotonous and wearisome. They thirst for a more luxurious repose and speculative field, little caring that fevers and agues lurk in the one, and health in the other man. If they were wise and could feel themselves what the good Scripture—

"A happy peasantry, a nation's pride,"

they would cling to the spade and sickle as more than the sword and helmet. Happiness is said to be count himself, who is possessor of land from which he can gather his bread, with a name unknown to any other class of men.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

It is seldom that one sees so much valuable matter as the following lines contain, comprised in so brief a space. Every little grammarian just entering upon the mysteries of parts of speech, will find a highly advantageous to commit the "poem" to memory, or by so doing many a "block mark," and "false concord" will be avoided. Here are the definitions of the tongue's end can never need assistance in part of speech.

1. Three little words you often see,
Are Articles—a, an, and the.
2. A Noun's the name of anything,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
She head, his foot, *your* arm, my hand.
5. Verbs tell of something to be done—
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump, or run.
6. How things are done—adverbs tell,
As *slowly, quickly, ill, or well.*
7. Conjunctions join the words together—
As men and women, wind or weather.
8. The Preposition stands before
A Noun, as in or through the door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise,
As *oh!* or *pshaw!*—*alas!* or *whew!*
The whole are called Part Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, talking teach.

STAND FROM UNDER.

Louis Napoleon seems to be going insane. While he was engaged in the Crimea he acted as if he could settle the destruct of all the European governments in his sagacity, and in his ability to weather any storm, he evidently trusted to his own genius. His attempts to coerce the British government into acting the part of policemen for him self has raised a tornado of wrath and ridicule among the British people, and the Emperor's imbecile; and the London Times with its terrific editorial and Punch with its ridiculous cuts, are fast bringing the "Emperor" into general contempt. Nothing is so potent with Frenchmen as ridicule; and the moment the nation begin to laugh at Napoleon, his power will fall. Like his great Uncle, he trusts to *force* alone to sustain his government, and, like that Uncle, he will suddenly go down in ruinatious defeat.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

In one of our large cities, a ruffian, recently, without the slightest provocation, fired a pistol, with apparently deadly intent, at a fashionably-dressed lady. The ladies passed through the large circulars, but didn't touch the lady within. "Bless it," said the ruffian, "I might as well shoot at a modern into the middle of a fog, in the expectation of hitting a small squirrel, hidden away among the branches."

"Preacher," said a rich and cruel old miser to a poor one, "I shall not be able to pay you anything for your sermon." "Well, then, sir, if I had such a conscience as yours, I should be willing and anxious not only to hear it, but to give a lump to the first simple individual that I could get to take it."

A HIGHLY respectable eastern editor says to his readers—Have you heard Mr. H. Increase Thompson? If not, you have missed a fine treat." Why let it be distinctly understood that all who go to hear Mr. H. lecture will be treated in the same manner, and the caveats will not be disappointed.

In we said to our prefer what we ask off from our honorable debts, we are merely taking the same out of one pocket to put them into another. "My brethren," said a Yankee preacher, "we have two powers of politics—faith, of riches, and of idolatry. I shall not now speak of the latter, some of you being liable to that abomination."

GILMORE SEYMOUR, the celebrated portrait painter, has been absent for over a year, and on his return to the street in Boston, where once was his studio, he found a fashionable store in the place. Great numbers of the women, as they passed in and out, looked up at the sign, and read the name of "Dyer," and Seymour, "I can see," said he, "that I am deceased, "—"then," said Seymour, "I was not dead."

"Sir," said a burly officer, on account of the various grants of an fatherland built in one of the streets of New York city. We always thought that the old colonial treaties in New-York, emerged "bells" must be too much a night time to be heard in the morning.

A SUPERIOR INDIVIDUAL in the West recently lost a child, and secured his services to officiate at the burying himself. She is now said to be a resolution for office. We hope she will succeed, for she seems a perfect "model" for a lawyer.

AN INDIFFERENCE.—A man, being assured that the sun never rose in the west, said it was very strange, as he had often seen it rise in the east. "Nothing more strange," said his friend, "than that you should believe what you have seen your senses deceive you." "Sir," said the man, "I am sure I have seen it rise in the east." "Then," said Seward, "I can see this now."

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AN INDIFFERENCE.—A man, being assured that the sun never rose in the west, said it was very strange, as he had often seen it rise in the east. "Nothing more strange," said his friend, "than that you should believe what you have seen your senses deceive you." "Sir," said the man, "I am sure I have seen it rise in the east." "Then," said Seward, "I can see this now."

"SIR," said a burly officer, of an evidently colonial character, "I have the largest body of any man in the city." "Yes," said the man, "I have no doubt of it, for you have the largest rope in the city—just this end that together."

A young man who has been "keeping company" for the last fourteen or eighteen months, evidently embraced in courtship, that his "intended" was somewhat deaf. He popped the question, and as long as he was in reading that he has had enough.

THE Boston Transcript says that the Delay to administer how many different ways there are of pulling a man a tooth. We have seen but two—one is to pull it out, and the other is to tell him that he has a tooth.

"IT is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that the ant-eater has no teeth." "Curious indeed," said a bachelor says it is not at all curious."

TAKE all extreme views, and you take away all true wealth, and depth, and consistency. Virtue is the golden mean between two extremes.

A FELLOW at Baltimore, N. J., drank two quarts of whiskey on a wager, and died in consequence thereof. He certainly wasn't sensible before.

A GENTLEMAN rode into the whirlwind out of the clouds—enlightening rode into it out of bad boys.

THE man who can't speak for himself generally most dislikes to perhaps a silent wife.

THE man who is always painfulness obtained on credit are breaches of trust.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN named Thomas Kelly was recently convicted in Boston of stealing a horse. He had a friend named the death of his wife by cold and starvation during the last winter. He was also a poor man, and by no honorably accounted for every penny, as a stranger of humane disposition, which fact was made known to the jury, and they, in consideration of the case, brought in a verdict of manslaughter. The judge said that the horse was worth one hundred and fifty dollars, and sentenced the prisoner to three years in the State prison.

DISEASE TOOLS is reported to have made arrangements with the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company, by which he is to be allowed to ride free, and will accompany him. Great numbers of the women are said to have become alarmed at the prospect, and will not follow the sanitary designs if there is adequate protection afforded them against the insidious attacks of these monsters.

A LITTLE boy named Stella, whose parents reside in First Avenue, was amusing himself a few days since by throwing stones at a dog, when he accidentally struck a little girl named Mary Ann Hoffman, who was standing about his head, and at last in one of his favorites he hit her about the head, which caused her death. The little girl was destroyed by sight.

THE Times seems to such a pass in Mexico that it seems to be absolutely necessary for some consistent government to be established at that country, and it is rumored that the United States will probably soon fall heir to the country, and annex it to the present extensive boundary and Guatemala.

A FIRE in Memphis, Tenn., on Wednesday, a short time since, with his son, a mere youth, the point of a knife, and the boy was instantly killed. Both parties were intoxicated at the time. The murderer was arrested and after lingering a few days, leaving the son who had so unfortunately met his death by his hand.

THE "gift enterprises" of this city are rapidly increasing. Some of the most recent are so contrived that the getters-up of them are nearly swindlers. If people would only reflect for a moment they would see how easy they cannot get something for nothing.

SEVERE diseases were promised by the Supreme Court of Vermont at its recent session in Rutland county. In two of the cases the cause for the divorce was "cruelty and severity"—*on the part of the wife.*

THE leaders of the Sabbatarians in Paris have commenced enlarging the houses. The small size will now be deprived of the small houses as a target for their ridicule.

A BROTHER had long since arrived in Albany from the West, with twelve thousand head of cattle—he forgot about ever brought to any market.

THE UNION.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

"The Union—it must be preserved."
Dissolve the Union!—let the blade of shame
Him, with an crimson glow, the brazen cheek
Of him who dares sever the traitorous sin.
"Tis not the iron, the wire, the steel, who speak
Words of such fearful import; but the weak,
Drunk with fanaticism's poisonous wine,
And reckless of the future, ready
To hold their manhood in the scale of shame
That noble souls have held, and still must hold, divine.

Dissolve the Union!—traitors, would ye rend
The glorious motto from our country's crest?
Would ye despoil the stars and stripes, that bind
Hearts, fond, proclaim to the world's oppressed?
Hide your faces, ye who dare to sever
The star immortal every hallowed circuit?
Has sin defaced the image God impressed
On your humanity, that ye could smile
To see the fatal flames of Freedom's funeral pile?

Dissolve the Union!—in the day, the hours,
Ye rend the blood-cemented tie in twain,
The fearful cloud of civil war will lower
On every old time hill and sunny plain,
From south Mexico to frigid Maine,
And even will arise, and strange new banners wave,
And build western lock on hundred shrieks
Brothers will battle, and the life-blood love
For freedom, noble sires and husbands rear in grave.

Remember the Union—ye, ye manest part
With this secure the blessed rest we find
In even the interview of the mighty heart
Of Washington, who, with prophetic mind,
A noble, grandeur, the bold may find the blind,
And soon may follow plough-movement light
From leaden pulse to sympathies, are they
The ray that shone so beautiful and bright,
When bid a precious fire to destroy, darker night.

Dissolve the Union!—never! Ye may sow
The seeds of vile dissension o'er the land,
That man may rage in sorrow; yet may show
The world your strength of all its genius,
Eternal lustrous; but a noble band
Of patriots, true to God, and to their vows,
With heart to heart, and stanner hand to hand,
To guard, from foul dishonor's enslaving stain,
The jewels God has shrined in Freedom's holy fane.

Dissolve the Union!—no, perish the pages
That gives to human right this hideous screen!
Let not the freemen of a future age
Read these detested words: they would curse
Shame, sadness, imbecility, and sin
That rend the noble glory of our time.
True to the motherland, stand ye till
The world now in ruin's ken shall see
Its hath for the right is glorious, to exhume!
Groom, Gaithersburg, Maryland, 1861.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;
OR,
THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RESTORATION.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PETER MANGLES SEES "LIFE" AT "THE CROWN AND MAGPIE."

Nothing but the strong affection that Peter Mangles entertained for Rachel and her daughter Mary would have urged him to the desperate step he had taken. The interest he felt in George Hoffman alone would not have induced him, for daring his long residence in London, to have ever put his foot in a public house of the class of the "Crown and Magpie." In fact, he regarded such resorts with a feeling of horror, as dangerous and unbusiness-like, and had a little idea of one society to be met with in them, as a City porter would have of the companionship of a lord at Majesty's drawing-room.

In London, therefore, we are happy to say, may still be found who resemble him—who look upon life as a sacred trust, perform its duties conscientiously, and pursue the even tenor of their way affectionately and unostentatiously, without ever dreaming that there is anything either singular or extraordinary in their conduct.

Society resembles a stream; the under-current will generally be found the cleanest and the purest.

When the cab drew up, the old clerk stepped out with an air that one resident only in London ever wears on entering it—like an assisted soldier at the moment of action, he was not without terrors, or rather uncertain, misgivings. First he regarded, as a deeply pasti-colored lamp over the door, next the flaming gaslight in the window, then listened to the voices of those within, some loud in anger, others indulging in the manifold sounds produced by a glee.

"Highton prance," said the driver, extending his hand to him.

"Perhaps you had better wait for me," replied his fare, hesitatingly, for he half repented his rashness.

The man eyed him for an instant, considered the respectability of his greatcoat, the quality of his well-brushed hat, and the great size and weight carried in his hand. Satisfied on these points, he touched his hat, to intimate that it was all right.

With desperate courage the old clerk pushed open the door, which a loutherous strap held partially back, and entered the bar.

The landlady, decked out in her usual finery, was actively engaged in serving the numerous customers that thronged the place, assisted by a few young of both sexes; boys just entering on a career of vice and dissipation, which they pursued for proofs of manhood, spirit and independence; girls whose beauty was now in the bloom, and who could endure anything but the recollection of that earlier and holier home they had abandoned—their girlhood's years and blighted promises; husbands and fathers, who had pale, anxious wives, and lean, gry children waiting their return, wondering if they would bring them bread; gray-haired men, and women, too, in whom all sense of shame and self-respect were equally a blank—who retained little of humanity save its form, and even that so stilled and degraded, one might have imagined the demon of Drunkenness had taken up his abode in the rain he had made. He glared through the portals of their eyes—in some was seen slumbering, in others half drowned with lotus quaffs.

Peter Mangles looked hurriedly round him, for he had never mingled in such a scene before. Gathering, however, from the landlady's manner, which had brought him to the place, he advanced to the counter, and raising his hat, asked politely for a glass of ale.

There was a general titter at such an unusual display of politeness.

"Half a pint!" demanded the woman, pretending to misunderstand him.

"Ale, if you please, madam."

The glass was filled.

"How much?"

"Twopence."

The old clerk took some halfpence, carefully screwed up in a piece of paper, from his pocket, and counted out the sum.

"I shall be very happy to drink your health, sir," observed a shabby genteel-looking fellow, who stood with his back to the wall, smoking a short pipe.

Peter expressed himself highly honored, but never offered to call for anything.

"What is it to be in?" added the man, winking to those nearest to him.

"In anything you please."

"Brandy, hot and strong, mims," exclaimed the sponge.

It was mixed and passed to him by the landlady.

"A shilling," said the woman, without releasing her fingers from the coin.

Something more than a bird had to be given, before Peter could be induced to compromise his ale; he was to pay for it, which he did at last, though somewhat reluctantly. He had not the slightest idea, when he gave his assent, that saving his breath drink would be so expensive.

The words "Jolly green!" "Very, we know!" "A real gentleman, that!" upon his entrée and he began to feel quite bewildered.

"Mr. Jackson," observed the sponge, "I'm entrusted, in a sort of confidence," so and. Happy to have made your acquaintance. Shall we have a night of it? Up to everything?"

Peter began to wish himself safe in the City, or in his cottage at Blackheath.

"I'm afraid I must allow me offer you one. Yes of your best."

The landlady poured them over the counter.

"Dear me! I never smoke!" exclaimed his visitim hastily, as the sponge thrust a genuine British Havana into his hand.

"Smoke 'em for you," replied the fellow, taking it back and preparing to light the other.

"Disgrace," said the woman.

Finding the money was not forthcoming, she repented the demand.

"I never ordered them," observed the old man, timidly.

There was a general laugh, and the words "Shabby!" "Then him out!" "No gentleman!" fell disagreeably upon his ear.

Peter feeling as much confused as if he had

PETER MANGLES—OR HIS RETURN FROM THE "CROWN AND MAGPIE."

committed some very questionable action, or detected an error in his accounts, hastened to pay the [illegible].

"Cab-hire, brandy, glass, three shillings and twopence," he mentally calculated; "then one! I could have dined three days in the City for just one penny more."

Till that moment he had not the slightest idea that public-houses were such expensive places, and he no longer wondered at poor George having been ruined by them; but he was not the man to look into a matter. Thinking of the glorious expense which he stood indebted to the driver, he would have counted fifty shillings and have paid it; so he wisely resolved to pull in before the worst of all embarrassments—a pecuniary one—stared him in the face.

Coupling his sixpence with desperate firmness, the clerk advanced to the encounter a second time, and, raising his hat—a politeness the landlady did not appear to appreciate—he said in a very decided tone—

"You will not doubt anything more that gentleman may please to order to my account, madam, if you please."

"What does he mean by 'debit'?" demanded the woman, with a start.

"Won't stand sam any more?" shouted half a dozen voices.

"As you please," exclaimed the mistress of the house, shaking her staglets with what was intended for an air of disdain.

Those who had been treated pronounced Peter not to be so great a fool as he looked.

With a hearty bust the old man looked astonished round him. He was not there, and he began to suspect that all he had endured had been to vain.

"Has the driver gone?" he asked, hoping it attained from his usual haunts for one night on purpose to disappoint Peter.

Determined that no account of annoyance should drive him from his post, he took a seat on one of the benches under the window, and began leisurely sipping his glass of ale, which had hitherto remained untasted.

Finding that nothing more was to be opened out of him, the gentlemen who had treated Peter, to assist on offering him a cigar, began to indulge in the peculiar style of conversation common to the genteel society the name of "chaff." He commenced by declassly inquiring whether his maternal parent was aware of the fact of his being out; asked the price of his hat; how much he had brought him-self for, and what was his selling price.

It was all thrown away on Peter, who, in the natural simplicity of his character, never for an instant suspected the intention of the speaker to insult him. He only replied by a look of astonishment, mutually concluding that he was drunk.

As it is not the first time we have introduced our readers to the bar of the "Crown and Magpie," they are perfectly aware that the company who frequented it could not strictly speaking be called polite society, unless an inverse sense to the general acceptation of the word. On the present occasion it consisted of characters more than usually reckless and depraved.

It was a fortunate thing for the clerk that it was not civilized as he was by the rude and boisterous.

Finding the old man's patience more than a match for their impudence, they were somewhat gradually coaxed to pay attention to him, and he was left to occupy his entire attention. The most respectable another character appeared upon the scene—a sharp, weasel-faced man, with a face very much the color of Black Well.

When sober, the wretched creature was perfectly harmless; but, excited with drink, which many a well-dressed ruffian, who would have laughed, had she asked for bread, frequently gave her, violent and dangerous, force as a tigress, her extraordinary strength; during her a terror even to the police, who were but too well acquainted with her.

There was a loud shout when she made her appearance.

Peter began to suspect that he had fallen into very questionable society indeed, and wondered what the clerks would say could they see the cashier of the well-known firm of Dority and Company seated in front of the bar of the "Crown and Magpie," drinking beer; in the event of such an occurrence he could never show his face on Change again—that would be impossible.

"Out of good again, Moll!" observed the man he had treated, or rather who had treated himself at his expense; "why, some one said as you had killed the police."

"I break him arm, dat was all," replied the sponge.

"Has unfortunate savage?" mentally pondered Peter.

The woman began to look round the place in search of some one likely to treat her; the crowding of the fiery stimulant she had so long been deprived of was strong. At last her eye rested upon the old clerk, and she fixed him as the object of her attentions, and in a manner the most intended victim, with terror.

"Good gentleman, I assure she mean by staring at me is that extraordinary manner!" exclaimed the old man.

The negress nodded, and Peter, in his bewilderment, imitated her, and nodded too.

There was a general laugh.

"You dine old gentleman," she said, "and beautiful white head, you treat black lady to glass of gin?"

"Yes, I will, my good woman—as many as you please," replied Peter, in a confused way.

Peter grasped the handle of his umbrella with a second firmness—*he hadn't had two drinks over already.*

"Go it, Moll!!!" whispered a young fellow who was standing close to the bar; "I'll stand treat."

"You no give me gin?"

"Certainly not."

"Den you give me kiss?"

The fellow executed the horror-stricken Peter, starting to his feet.

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eloquence of the almost forgotten Cobbet and O'Connell.

On the night of Peter Mangles's visit to the "Crown and Magpie," the company in the parlor had mustered more than usually strong. An important wager of glasses round had been laid by Styles, that he would bring his landlord, a respectable "Crow," named Limpey, who, since his marriage, had absented himself from their nightly meetings, back to his abandoned haunt.

For years the acceder had been one of the constant habitués of the place, she first to arrive and the last to depart; his retirement was a loss, a positive loss, for he sang a good song, and knew how to do in the world, spent his money freely. In an augmented hour, and most certainly without consulting his ledger, he had married his housekeeper, or rather his housekeeper had married him, for the backbone Benedict never comprehended exactly how it occurred, and we question if he ever will.

The company were somewhat astonished at the passing of a ring over the not very delicate finger of the bride produced was a most remarkable one. Limpey, who had inwardly welcomed her name when he returned home—no matter how late the hour, or in what state—with smiles, satisfied that he drew off his boots, lit him to his room, laid him out nightly in a most delightful way by the side of a cup of green tea in the morning, and never once complained to her that she considered either his conduct unwise or dissipated. *The wife*, however, came to a very different conclusion; she spoke her mind not only with freedom but decision, and forsake him! absolutely forsake him to the "Crown and Magpie," and to the "Crown" again.

Somehow, the happy husband did not care to disobey her injunctions. There was a peculiar tone about her voice, a certain expression of face,

Peter Maugher, whom I look upon as my greatest enemy, can say a word against that.

"And last for one circumstance I should feel delighted to employ you. I cannot think of depriving the Cross of so valuable a member of their society."

The countenance of his visitor fell.

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the speaker, "unblushing hypocrite, you are unmasked. Such fellows palm the head of charity, harden the heart, and almost justify the contempt which the many feel for the humanity we all share. You have played your stake and lost."

Without casting a look towards George Hoffman, the penitent Mr. Styles sneaked out of the counting-house.

"What am I to understand, my dear sir?" demanded the astonished partner.

"That you have escaped a snare," replied Mr. Thornton, shaking him by the hand; "the friendship of Peter Maugher has once more watched over you. It was the worst of all snares," he added, "for it was calculated to work your ruin through the best feelings of our nature."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PILOT FRIEND.

In seeking the description of George Hoffman by entrusting him into dissipation and vice, Styles had hitherto felt no other desire than to gain pecuniary ease of gain. His employer paid him for his services, and that was all which he either considered or required. But now a personal feeling of envy at the dawning prosperity of his victim, and revenge for the escape which had so humbled him, were added to it, and he vowed to leave no means untried to reduce him once more to the level where drunkenness had left him. Full of this resolution he sought the dwelling of Caroline Keats, and relaxed ever he word everything that had transpired—the story he had told—the interview—the exposition, and defeat.

The self-exiled man listened to his inquisitor; by it was enough for him to know that his project, as far as the speaker could be imagined, were at an end; and he cared little for details; they only added to his mortification and disappointment.

"It must have played your game well, Styles," he observed.

"I played them as they were dealt to me," replied the ruffian. "Who could have foreseen that the old fool who has taken liberties with my name would have obtained such exact information of my habits and haunts? Cheap knowledge you might say me. I have always observed," he added, "that your staid, respectable men always come up to the mark, and possess far more cunning and calculation than your jovial, reckless ones. I have done my best, however, and have wished you success with myself with."

"You are kind, I suppose, of the undertaking?" said Carus.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something about his having been defeated.

"Your true bird of prey always is, my dear fellow," Styles regarded him steadily.

It is the certain kindred alone that creates the pursuit when danger has lent its fleet wings," added his employer, with marked emphasis upon the words. "I am far from blaming you for your ill success; for plan was well laid, and not unskillfully executed. It is impossible to foresee every contingency. Your reward shall be the same as if you had succeeded."

His hearer began to look more cheerful.

"Styles," resumed the speaker, "we have known each other for years. You have found me liberal; you know how deeply I have been wronged by George Hoffman; by his conduct to me, to love and fortune blighted by his infernal arts—his marriage with my cousin Rachel."

"In love, truly," said the man, "but not in fortune. That is something new to me. He father, I understood, was as much estranged as ever."

"Perhaps not."

"I do not understand you."

"You soon will," exclaimed Carus. "I have, after long and patient watching, discovered the cause of my cousin's absence, which no parent but a mother and Peter Maugher, and the place of his sojourn. He has been twice to Jersey, to visit a youth at school there."

"Why, it can't be his grandson!" exclaimed Styles, with a look of astonishment. "It would be Mr. Bentley, surely, who saved him from prison on New Year's eve, and——"

"You have read my fours aright," replied Carus Keats. "I more than suspect it. Should it prove so, action in all hope of my being the heir, of fulfilling the promise I made of providing handsomely for you in the event of his death, which would leave me a poor man."

"The old fool," muttered his visitor; "after all his threats of what he would do—of never forgiving them."

"There is nothing more excitable than an old man's resolution, unless it be a woman's promise," added Carus Keats, bluntly. "If the boy is Mr. Bentley's grandson I am a ruined man, unless *some* *genius* should restore him his property. Our first point is to ascertain whether it is really the case, or merely the suggestion of my fears. You have seen the lad?"

"Frequently."

"And would you know him again?"

"Even a hundred."

"Start, then, at once for Jersey. I need not recommend caution. Make no inquiries; they would lead to no good results, and excite needless suspicion. Contrive to see him—that will be enough—and having done so, return to me per boat."

Tom Styles slowly repeated the word.

"I need not remind you that both our interests are at stake," observed his employer; "it would really grieve me, after your long and faithful services should I not be able to repay my kindness of making a provision for your age, to my nothing of the disquietude on my own account."

"Of course it would," muttered his visitor; "but, Mr. Carus, you are not the gentleman I take you for, if you submit calmly to be done out of your expectations by a boy, the son of George Hoffman, too!"

The gentleman smiled; his hints and insinuations were working as he wished.

His father has injured you enough already."

At the allusion to his disappointment with Rachel, the sinister smile vanished from the lips of her cousin, and his dark eyes flashed with all the evil passions of his nature.

"Something ought to be done," continued the speaker.

"Well, well, we shall see!" replied Carus.

"*And soon!*"

"I seldom delay when once I have made up my mind," was the answer. "My first difficulty will be to decide."

"Can't see it."

"My trust to find an agent."

"You need not look far for that, Mr. Carus," exclaimed the respectable Tom Styles. "I declare it makes my blood boil to think of your being plundered of a fortune which ought to be yours, and prevented from acting handsomely by your friends as you would like to do, by a lout, the son of a fellow no better than myself. I feel," he added, "*as if I could do anything to pursuit it.*"

The smile once more appeared upon the countenance of his hearer, who, without compromising himself, had ascertained that in the speaker he had discovered an agent as unprincipled as his purpose was desperate in his designs, which, at present, were dark and undefined. Shadows which only required the colouring of the mind's eye to present to the beholder any of the most appalling crimes.

There is an enticement—a fatality—a logic—in crime. The first step as invariably leads to a second as the deduction to the conclusion; and yet the passion of villains are like the vertige—they overbalance the senses.

Carus Keats had ascertained all that at present he wished to know, the pliability of the instrument in his hand chosen, and that, too, without committing himself by any explicit avowal of his purpose. Should his suspicions prove groundless, should the boy prove not to be the grandson of the wealthy merchant, there was no harm done. Matters would rest as they were. It would be quite time enough when his fears were confirmed to speak plainly of what he desired and purposed.

That same night Tom Styles started for Southampton, where he arrived just in time to catch the steamer for Jersey, at which place he landed on the following morning, and took up his abode at the house of a French hotel, where he considered he should be less likely to be recognised. As a further precaution, he gave himself out as a traveller, was just retired from business, was allured by the reported cheapness and salubrity of the island, had come to spend a month or two there.

Richard Hoffman had now been upwards of a year under the guardianship of the teacher of Caesar Rivers, and the progress of his education had been most satisfactory. The boy's mind, as well as his outer reputation from his mother had not rendered him blind to the many faults of character, and the seeing one of those rich intelligences which intercourse with the world, make and unmake many good fruitfulness when cultivated, he had surpassed the expectations of his instructor—his perceptions were all his own, and were quick and keen—the faculties of a language, and mastered—then with a facility which soon placed him on a par with boys who had passed years under the worthy clergyman's care. His memory was strong, and his people proficiency in Latin; but his great talent seemed to lie in the comprehension of natural languages, especially the Hindostanee, which Mr. Brown, who had been once chaplain to India, taught, most of his pupils being destined for the army or a professional career.

Richard was a favourite with them as Harry Horton, the son of the lawyer at whose house he had passed the New Year's night of which we have narrated, so marked an influence over his future destiny. They regarded him as their equal, and as an open, loyal disposition similar to his own, and mutual sympathy drew towards each other, till perfect confidence existed between them.

When we say "perfect confidence," there was one reservation. One theme had never touched the promise made to Harry's father. The fact of the boy's grandfather's wealth and position was not never hinted by him.

It is a wise dispensation of nature by which the heart is strengthened in the hour of sorrow or suffering. How frequently have we seen naturally weak natures grow suddenly strong under the pressure of pain or affliction. It proved so in Richard's case; for, although he had been deeply wounded by the conduct of his mother, his affection for her remained unchanged, and his resolve to recompense him richly for his present humiliation and privation.

From that day a singular desire to gain him took possession of the old man, and soon became so fixed and absorbing a passion as to be the chance of being recognised by any visitors on the island, that he dare forego it. Hence that system of reserve which had so puzzled Peter Maugher, and which the reader will have noticed.

Richard was reading in the now solitary playground, when his tutor came to him and informed him that Mr. Bentley had arrived from England, and wished to see him.

"Is Mr. Morton?" he eagerly demanded the youth.

"No."

His pupil knew of no one else likely to inquire for him.

"I'll go; you who has taken what must appear to him a strange but kind interest in your welfare—the gentleman who interested you to Mr. Thornton—to me. He has been the benevolent agent in which you have hitherto kept your promise, the means which have enabled you to pursue your studies. Let no advice you to receive him graciously and courteously—remember your obligations to him."

He has separated me from my mother, she answered the boy, calmly.

"For your good," replied the clergyman.

"I cannot think so. True, I am better off, have fine clothes, am well fed, and being educated; but I am not happy—my heart remains cold to all that it must have craved her. I would forego them all to be with her, to share her poverty and her studies. Let no advice you to receive him graciously and courteously—remember your obligations to him."

"

DEATH.

BY TOMAS ANNE KEMBLE.

Here sat a Guest! Shall, as long before,
Then chalmed all things living for their own?
The Guests we know—the beautiful, the gay—
Time daily from our midst. Affection's tone—
Its soft, sweet cadence cannot move thy will.
Then hushed not, though all around thee weep.
Thy victim feels thy touch so mild and still,
It sleeps thy calling, into—sees up in sleep.
Thy victim feels thy touch so mild and still,
The icy kiss to—the—the heart to chill.
Silent, cruel, father is thy brimming cup—
A cup from which I, too, must one day drink.
Mysterious, grim keeper of the tomb,
Thou'rt ever watchful—ever on the spy.
Thou smilest from infancy's fair cheek the bloom—
Thou dimmest the master fires to their decay.
Thou cannot embalm in the halls of memory
The loving kindness of a heart that's true,
The brightness of a soul, the spirit free.
Death, unabated—all pay vows at thy dark shrine.
Monarch of Time, thy heavy chains will bind
And from thy prisoners joyously we'll soar
To blissful heaven, where no sad sorrow come
There we shall meet our loved ones—meet to part no more.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

BY RUTLANDS COBB, JR.

"Confound the boy! What does he mean? Does he think I'm going to be a father to him, and not to spend a dollar? Does he think I'm going to give him my money to spend in business, and take everything he chooses to offer? What can the young dog be thinking of? Plague take the youngster! I shall believe he's going to fall in love with a poor piece of trash! I'll—I'll—By-by! I'll—And here comes the rascal—to the mercy of my counsels!"

And Mr. Joseph Jerry Pinnam thus spoke he sank into a great stuffed chair, and looked disgusted; and below he stamped his dumpy foot vehemently to aid his stern purpose. He was a round-bellied, jolly-faced, red-cheeked bachelor, just five-and-forty. Most of his life he had been at sea, and had lately settled down ashore with an immense fortune, for the purpose of enjoying the rest of his days "after his own heart," as he expressed it. His pair was just laid round to the open fire; his jolly face high up over the brow, but yet he had a perplexed look of deep and serious thought about his short, fat neck. The only near relative he had in his lower world was Jack Kendall, an only child of his only sister. Jerry Pinnam had loved his sister fondly, and when she died—she was a widow—he left a proper space on her tombstone that her brother would care for her orphan boy. And nobly Jerry had done it faithfully. For five years he had provided for his nephew, keeping him at one of the best schools for a while, and then paying his way through college. But now that he had settled down for a home, he had Jack come and live with him.

"A capital one here, are you?" growled the uncle, looking up with a very dagger-like expression.

Jack Kendall was twenty-three, somewhat taller than his uncle, but with the same fleshy look. He was a handsome, good-natured, free-hearted sort of an fellow, and loved his uncle Jerry with his whole soul.

"Um, uncle—I'm here," he replied, taking a seat, "and I hope you are glad to see me, sir."

"Aye—I am glad, for I have something to say to you," the uncle commenced, looking over his spectacles. "Have you come this buggyjer again?"

"Buggyjer, sir. I said luggage. Have you seen her?"

"*He*, uncle! *Buggyjer*!—*Her*? Why—what do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean. I mean that piece of poverty—that beggar-on—that—that luggage—that dog—that gal!"

"Oh! You mean Lizzie Brown. The girl that—"

"Hinke to catch you, and this catch my money!" interrupted uncle Jerry, emphatically.

"It is hardly fair to my feel, uncle, seeing that I made all the advances myself."

"Nonsense! Don't you suppose I know? I say she set for you! Don't I know? Don't I have it? If I'm to be a father to you you must obey me. Now I've got a choice. I want you to marry with Senna Garland."

"But she's a widow, uncle."

"Widow be hanged. She'll know how to make a house for ye."

"And she's older than I by a dozen years."

"*And five years.* She's only twenty-eight. It's all the better for you."

"But I can't love her."

"Can't love her!" cried the uncle, looking an immense number of very fiery-spirited fires at once. "Can't love Senna Garland! Can't love the woman who was the wife of the most faithful friend I ever had! Let me tell you, sir, that when the old Gazelle was cast upon the rocks of Madagascar, Bill Garland saved my life, and lost his own. He died in three days. If—If we upon the cold, cold rocks, sir! and the last words he ever said to me were, 'Be kind to my poor Senna!' And I will be kind to her!" He spoke aided, wiping a big tear from his cheek. "I'll give her a husband—a regular-built husband, perhaps—but she shall be good enough to keep her above want. You shall marry her, sir."

"But suppose I should refuse."

"Refuse! Refuse your own uncle? You dare not do it, sir! I'd turn you out of doors in an instant! I'd see you starve before I'd give you another penny! I'd—I'd—take away all I ever did give you!"

"Ah—you couldn't do that, uncle. The education I have gained under your auspices, generous patronage, is a mine of wealth of which you cannot rob me! And I would not to-day exchange it for all the riches you ever possessed. I love Lizzie by my own will."

"Ah! You threaten me, do you? You mean to rebel, do you? You mean to disobey me outright?"

"You do not understand me, uncle. You surely would not force me to do what my own heart—I—I could know Lizzie Brown—"

"Lizzie—Palaistine!—I don't want to know her! I know Senna Garland, and that's enough! I've had my plan fixed ever since I came home. I promised Bill I'd take care of her—and by the do it—and how can I do it if you don't let me have her for a niece?"

"Why not have her for a wife?" asked Jack, quietly.

"*Wife!—Me!* Why—you young rascal, what do you mean? Me—marry! Zounds! Do you think I'm crazy? I'm old enough to be her father!"

"Only seventeen years, uncle. Just enough to give you character as a husband."

"Silence, villain! Would you have me make a fool of myself just as I am sitting down for comfort and quiet? Don't you never dare to flip such a thing again! I shall go and see Senna to-morrow, and I shall tell her that you will have her. That's enough! I won't hear any more! If by the big Fish I but I'll keep my promise!"

Jack knew that it would be useless to say more at present, so he held his peace. William Garland had been his uncle's first mate during the last long voyage, and the captain had not only liked him much, but to also thought much of Senna, having dropped at her house while in port. Accordingly, when Captain Jerry came home with the care of the widow upon his shoulders, he had his upon the happy expectation of making her his niece, by marriage, and thus getting the right to care for her without exciting scandal. Jack knew how his uncle had cherished the memory of his friend, and how he used to dwell upon the devotedness of his wife. The old fellow was as stubborn as he was kind-hearted, and when he felt that he had authority he would not yield.

Finally Jack retired to ponder upon the subject, and before dark he resolved to use the widow in advance of his uncle; and he went that very evening.

Senna Garland was a pretty woman, with a plump form, and a dimpled, cheerful face, over which sweet, gentle smiles were continually playing when she was happy. She had been alone two years. She missed Jack kindly, and after the usual common-place remarks, the young man came to the point. He related the conversation which had passed between himself and uncle that afternoon, and expressed the hope that she would help him.

"Surely you would not wish to take me from the being I love," he said.

"Of course not," the widow replied, with an earnest smile. "I should be decidedly opposed to any such thing. I know Lizzie well, and I know, too, that she will make you a good wife. You have stepped upon my heart-strings, Jack, when your uncle said *I* soon't, and that will be thrust out."

They dined together, and Jack left with the fair lover.

He'll be here to-morrow forenoon," the young man said, as he reached the door-stone.

"I shall be ready for him," was the reply; and so a fancy ball was made for the widow's ear to deaf.

About eleven o'clock on the following day Uncle Jerry called upon the widow. She had left off her weeds, and was dressed in a neat suit of the maid of sixteen. She welcomed the captain with one of her sweetest smiles by the parlor door, and close by him. By a dexterous turn she got him engaged in colorful conversation, and led him to a turn at sea, and thus an hour slipped away. Of course he must now stop to dinner.

"O—no, I must go home to dinner," he said. "But before I go I have a little business matter to speak about."

"Then you must wait, sir," pronounced the widow, decidedly. "It is quite dinner hour, and I must prepare it. Wait and eat with me, and then we'll listen."

And with this Senna drew out her table, spread the snowy cloth, and set out the dishes in their places. Then she went away to the kitchen, and presently the captain heard the sound of kettles rattling, the meat sputtering, and a while, on many rather going on generally.

"Egad! she did, and fellow rendered to himself she's a splendid craft. What a clean hold! If I had room aboard me such a woman upon the wife bless I should have made a fool of myself."

In the first hour of the meal he had repented, and the captain was invited to partake.

"Now make yourself at home," the widow said, with a charming smile; "for I look upon you as one of the very best friends I possess."

"Egad! if she sin't a beauty!" Uncle Jerry said this to himself, as he moved up to the table.

The lamb-chops were soon as the captain had never seen them done before. So juicy—so rich—so delicately done—so splendidly garnished. And then the bitts et ceteras; and the pies; and the cake; and the rich, golden coffee. And after all was he entranced by the bright smiles and the sparkling wit of the fair hostess.

"Zounds!" he muttered, while she was gone away for the dishes; "and she charmingly!"

Finally the widow came and sat down by the captain's side upon the sofa. Her dimpled cheeks were all aglow; her bright eyes sparkled with a beaming light as she gave him a cordial welcome; flowed a wavy, curling tress which trembled ever and anon, as though there were some strange emotion in the bosom it fell on.

"Now, sir," she said, "I am ready to listen."

"Why—I'll," Uncle Jerry muttered, as he sat, after a prodigious effort at clearing his throat. "I've come to—to—to—to—to—to—to—to—"

"Of course."

"Then here it is: You know I promised Bill—that is—Bill Garland—my old mate;—or, I should say, my young mate, then—I would look after you—care for you. You know that."

"Yes, sir," returned Senna, with a gentle look, and a tone that made the old man's heart leap; "and for your kindness to poor me. Alas! I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for your bounty."

"Tut, tut,—don't talk so. How could I help being good to you? How could anybody help being good to you?"

"Ah—but everybody don't have hearts like yours, sir."

"And you know you are not young and very beautiful."

"O—I—No. Not beautiful; and, surely, not very young."

"But you are not old, and—you are beautiful. Now this won't do. Senna! will you—you—you—

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE CATHEDRAL

HUNG WITH MILITARY TROPHIES

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Lady thy roof and pillars wreathing dim!
And solemnly the symbolism are rolling,
While sweetest voices all a glorious hymn—
Celestial grand and old—
Yet vainly here I kneel beside the men,
Who, with their wives, have come to spirit swell;
Their joy to mine thou knowest not the stain
Here comes a sudden thrill.

II.

Why such a sublime, then supreme fear?
What time can record save the Father—God?
Swells not in him this severity solemn strain
From a sin-stained soul?
Yet—but I know He is the Lord of Peace;
Still in my ear, from Bethlehem's manger glen,
That angel echoes, telling war should cease
Amid the tribes of men.

III.

Yet here what waves about the moulding side?
The Dove's white wing!—a banner red with gore,
And swords are gleaming in the pillared aisle,
Stretched from a hundred hands!
Ah, now I recognize the colors as Empire's torch,
Struck by a sister Christian Empire down;
These swords fell crashing, in the battle's gloom,
Upon a Christian crown.

IV.

Away from this, Cathedral grand and old!
A cozy nature is thy stately air;
And but a southern city might soften cold
Once a peaceful heart!
Better to kneel upon the sunny sod,
That gently the mocking-bird and robin sing,
Than 'neath thy solemn shadow—
When worshiping Peace's God.
Vienna.

A NIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"A number of years ago," said an old settler, whom I met on my wanderings hereabouts, "I took my family to Wisconsin, and located my-elf in the woods, about ten miles from the next settler, and, and, as I was free from the newest neighbor but the country-road, was mostly fierce; and with beasts and Indians were so numerous in that country, that my friends—at the start, to whom I gave a description of my locality, expressed great fears for our safety, and said they should be less anxious for me if I could hear of my having all been cast off, than privy to learn of our having all been cast off, than privy to hear of our still being alive out there at the end of a couple of years.

"However, I did not feel much alarmed on my own account—and my wife was as brave as a lioness; but then we had three children—the oldest only ten—and scarcely a night I was away from home, the sudden growl of a bear, the howl of a wolf, or the scream of a panther, would make me think of them, and feel quite uneasy.

"For a while, at first, the night-screeching and howling of these wild animals alarmed the children a good deal—and sometimes my wife and me —especially when we awakened the cry of the panther for an Indian yell; but we soon got used to the nightly music, and did not mind it much, and after a long day's work I grew fairly cheered around the dwelling, by getting myself snugly in bed at night—just as if they comprehended that the place, now in the possession of their enemies, was no longer to be an abode for them. Besides, I saw and then shot one, which skinned them a little, and probably frightened the others, for they gradually became less bold together.

"During the first year, I had two rather narrow escapes—once from a bear, and once from a panther; but the most remarkable adventure of all was the one which happened during the second winter, and which I have always designated as a 'Night with the Wolves.'

"One bitter cold morning—the ground being deeply covered with snow, so counsel and fears much depressed and uneasy, as if something evil were going to happen; and when I saw the sun shoot half an hour high, and no signs of my boys returning, I got out my pistols, rifle, ammunition, and hunting-knife, mounted a young and noble, skittish colt, and bidding the children keep within doors, and the house safely locked, I mounted and rode off to meet her, which I expected to do at every turn of the horse-path. But at every turn I was doomed to disappointment; and when I had got within after mile beyond, I began to see many signs of her, I became more and more alarmed, and chafed my colt with fear.

"It was just about dark when I saw the lights of Cowan glowing in the distance; but before I reached the town I met my wife hastening toward me—the having been unexpectedly detained by meeting an old acquaintance, who had come across from the east-end, and with whom she had remained to gather the news and take supper—the time passing away so quickly as to render her belated before she was aware of it.

"I was greatly rejoiced to find her safe and unharmed—but not a little fled, and seemed very much disappointed at evil, which it appeared to me had taken place without cause—though in this respect I was greatly mistaken, as the sequel will show.

"We now set off at a brisk trot homeward—through a dense, dark, gloomy forest—no house, nor any war on either side—and had only proceeded about five miles, when we were somewhat startled by a series of long, plaintive howls, at a considerable distance, and in different directions, and which our experience told us were wolves, seemingly calling and answering each other through the great forest.

"The wolves of this region were of the larger and fiercer species—and being ordinarily not so sly they might not attack a human being, yet in numbers and pressed by hunger, as they generally were at this season of the year, I by no means felt certain that we should not be assailed.

"Accordingly we quickened the pace of our horses and as we hurried on I grew more apprehensive more uneasy and alarmed, as I noticed that many of the sounds gradually approached us. We had just entered a deep hollow, where the large trees stretched their huge branches over a dense thicket, when suddenly there arose several loud, harsh, baying and snarling sounds close at hand. The next moment there was a quick rustling and thrashing among the bushes; and then some six or eight large wolves—lean, gaunt, and maddened with hunger—sprang into the path close beside us.

"The happened so suddenly and unexpectedly, that my wife gave a slight scream and dropped her rein; and the horse, rearing and plunging at the same moment, unseated her; and she fell to the ground, right in the very midst of the savage beasts, whose glaring eyes shone in the darkness like so many coals of fire.

"Fortunately, her sudden fall startled the wild animals a little; and as they momentarily drew back she, with mere presence of mind, at once gathered her buffalo robe, which she had dragged with her, in such a manner about her person as to protect herself from the first onset of their fangs. The next moment the ravenous animals, with the most savage growls, sprang at her, at me, and at the two horses simultaneously. Here I must once more himself clear of his foes and fled; and mine began to run and plunge in such a manner that I could not make use of a single weapon, and I only by main strength kept him from running away.

"It was a terrible moment! Every second of time seemed big with fearful agony; and the belief that I could release my wife from the fierce foes by the stirrups, I leaped to the ground and with pistol—my rifle dropping from my hands, and I also helped by the knife carried—in my grasp; and scarcely conscious of what I was doing, or the danger I was in, I fired right into our fury-bounds some three or four times, and then, with the empty weapon in my hand, I sprang upon the weapons, one in each hand, cocked and fired them, and, fairly jumping into the midst of my enemies, placed the muzzles against the heads of two that had turned to rend me, and blew them both together.

"Both dead, thank God! took effect—it could not be otherwise—and as the five wolves rolled heavily back in their death agonies, their struggles, their growling, and gulping as they lapped their blood, and instinctively comprehending that they were fairly in the power, fell upon them with the most ravenous fury, and literally tore them to pieces, and devoured them before my eyes—even to the body of my wife, and to her I should say than a minute of time.

"Having fired my five fatal missiles, that my wife was still alive and unharmed, I took her from her struggling, fury-like, I prepared myself to load all my weapons with the greatest dispatch.

"I had just succeeded in getting my wife more securely rolled in her protecting robe, as she was scarcely rolled in her protecting robe, as she was scarcely rolled in her protecting robe, as she was scarc